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Cambria Freeman.

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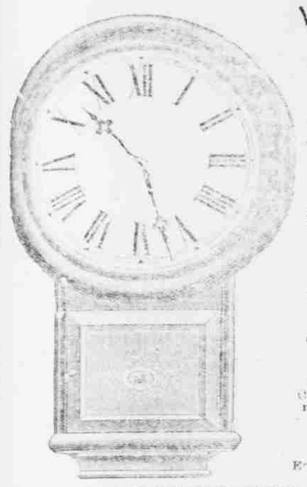

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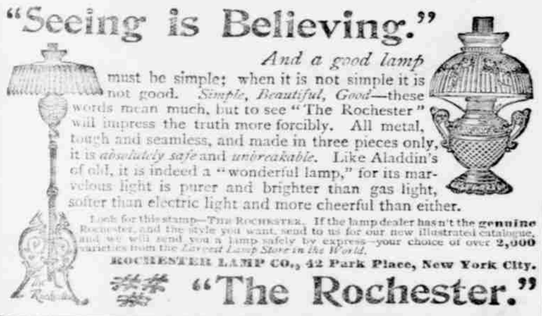

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"FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE."

Because you have no golden hoard,
Or broad and fertile lands to show,
Or wealth in glittering caskets stored,
You fear to whisper—what I know;
You think 'twould be a grievous wrong
Me from my smoother paths to take,
Nor understand how brave and strong
My heart could be for Love's sweet sake.

Because you are a man, you seek
To hide the tender pain you feel;
And I, a woman, should not speak
One word your secret wound to heal:
Yet, knowing well that each for each
Life's tallest harmonies could wake,
I fain would place within your reach
That gift of Love for Love's sweet sake.

Because the ways you tread are rough
Shall we two always stand apart?
Nay, let me own 'twould be enough
To share your weal and woe, dear heart!
If you must bear a daily cross,
Why, I will half the burden take;
And what you choose to call my loss
Count truest gain for Love's sweet sake.
—E. Matheson, in Chambers' Journal.

A GHOSTLY EPISODE.

It Might Have Been Explained by Helen and Her Lover.

They were a very comfortable party of ten or a dozen adults visiting in an old ancestral house, and all nearly or remotely connected or related. And it often happened that the conversation took a turn to include those deceased ancestors whose portraits hung on the walls, and whose possessions were under the same roof with themselves.

"It seems like sacrilege," their hostess was saying, as they sat in the twilight glimmer, between hearthlight and daylight, in the old-fashioned drawing room, "but Helen has about persuaded me to let her have her great-grandmother's wardrobe. I could never think myself of disturbing those things which my mother gave me as a sacred bequest. But Helen declares that the time has come when those old gowns can be worn without remodeling, and I fancy she would be rather proud of them as heirlooms."

"I should be afraid the ghost of the owner would look over my shoulder," remarked one of the cousins present, in an awesome tone.

"Oh, if it comes to that, we are all ghosts," said another one; "we carry our ghosts with us. But as the good dames cannot, even as ghosts, wear their old garments, why should we be denied that privilege?"

"I tell Helen she will only have the clothes, not the air of one born to them. My grandmother was a belle and a beauty. She had—well, there she is; you can all see her and judge for yourselves;" and Mrs. King led the way down the long room into the vista of faint darkness to the portrait. A candelabrum was lighted, and in that pale glimmer they saw the beautiful face of a girl of nineteen, with the shoulders and waist of an ideal figure. Her fair cheeks and rosy lips, her naughty chin with a dimple set in it, her large, lustrous eyes, were framed in a mass of such curls as were worn in that day. They hung over her lovely shoulders down to her small waist.

"There," said Helen, in an eager voice, "look at that peach-colored silk flounce to the waist; see the puffed sleeves and the capes—oh! isn't it delicious, just as they are wearing them now, and it's upstairs in an old mahogany trunk, packed in camphor! Great-grandmamma wore it as a bride. And those lace mitts and the dear little handkerchief bag on her arm, and the medallion picture of great-grandpa with his hair in a queue—oh! it would be too lovely! And I," she concluded, with pardonable pride, "am said to resemble her."

"You do," said her mother; "at least we think you look like her picture, but you need not imagine, you presumptuous child, that you will ever be half so beautiful."

"Not even in that dress?" queried Helen, with an alluring smile.

"I have not fully decided that you shall wear that dress. I have often thought that there may be something in the suggestion that people do return—"

"Not as entities?" suggested Helen's aunt.

"I do not know. All my traditions teach me to respect that which I cannot understand. I have often been shocked by the unkind haste with which the living appropriate the possessions of the dead, as if they were eager to obtain the spoils."

"We brought nothing into this world—" began the aunt.

"Don't," interrupted Helen; "I take quite another view of it. As my great-grandmother had her day, why should she object to me having mine? She does not need these gowns of hers in her present condition, and should be pleased to know that after lying in state for so many years they are to be brought out by one of her descendants. I am quite willing to run the risk of incurring her wrath, if you will let me have the gowns," added Helen, turning to her mother.

Mrs. King shook her head, and the subject was dropped.

But another one was evolved from it later in the evening, when Helen and her lover, Walter Harter, and a visiting young couple disappeared to the library, leaving their elders basking in the firelight, so grateful on the spring evening, and telling to each other a collection of ghost stories, such as people who don't believe in ghosts can always tell better than those who are more credulous. There was Aunt Lavinda, from La Porte, Ind., who told a story current in the family ever since the first part of the century, concerning her great-aunt, whose son came home at night from a journey, entered her room, took off his coat, which was wet, hung it over a chair, wrung the water out of his hair, looked at her steadily and intently, but did not speak, leaving the room finally without breaking the silence. The next morning the mother sent to his room to waken him, but he was not there, nor had his bed been slept in. An hour later came the news that he was drowned at the very time that his mother had seen him, while crossing a ford on his way home.

"That was merely a coincidence," said a fin de siecle matron who was present; "his mother dreamed it all, of course."

"I should find that as hard to account for as the ghost," said a cousin, looking over her shoulder.

"I should hate to think there were no ghosts," remarked a Virginia branch of the family; "I'm sure I saw one once in our gallery. It was dressed in white and strode up and down just like real ghosts do on the stage. Our dog howled and the lights all burned blue."

"I sat up with Aunt Polly Williams the night before she died, and heard three cracks of a whip right over the looking glass. And they broke the glass into three pieces," related an aunt.

This had been told so often that the original number, "one crack of the whip," had been increased to three, but no one noticed that—the ghostly fact remained.

"Did you ever account for seeing your father after his death?" asked one of the relatives of her hostess.

"No, never! He had been dead a year on that night when I went to the hall clock to see if it had been wound up. You know the clock—one of those high ones? It has been in the family for generations. It's up in the nursery now. As I put my hand on the door to open it I saw father standing close by me with a smile on his face, as if something pleased him. I was frightened and ran from the hall, but afterward I looked into the clock and found a deed to some land we were dispossessed of, hidden there. I suppose, really, I only imagined seeing him. You know I don't believe it was really father, but it was strange it should lead to finding that paper."

"Another coincidence," said the fin de siecle matron. "When my ghost walks in with its head under one arm I shall look for a rational explanation of the phenomena."

"Talking about ghosts," said an elderly widow relative, speaking in a weird, mysterious voice, "did I ever tell you how my first husband appeared to me when I was thinking about marrying the man who was afterward my second—did I ever speak of it?"

"A hundred times to my certain knowledge," said the fin de siecle matron under her breath.

"If I never did, it was because I don't believe in ghosts myself, but that was just one of the things I couldn't understand. I was sitting in the parlor just as if it might be now, only I was alone. There came three raps—"

"Mercy! goodness! what is that?"

No one responded; no one moved, and for that time, at least, the ghost of the widow's first husband was laid unceremoniously—something ghostly was happening under the very face and eyes of the party.

A puff of cold air ran through the room with such startling rapidity that the wax candles flared and went out, leaving only the light of the full moon through the lace-draped windows, mingling with the flickering firelight in a strange, spectral glare, which was focused upon the square of velvet carpet in front of the portrait they had been examining that very evening.

But what was this? Had the picture come to life and stepped out of its frame? The startled group at the fireside could see only a shadow there that paled and flickered, but stepped bodily and audaciously into the light. Was it the semblance of the portrait, or was it really the beautiful form and face of that woman of a century past, wearing the same clothes which fluttered noiselessly, diffusing a cold sweet perfume that affected the senses like the incense of death? Her eyes were fixed as in the picture, but the red was on her lips and cheeks, and her little feet, peeping from the flounces and laces of her wide skirts, wore the clocked stockings and ribbon-crossed slippers of long ago. There she stood before them all, yet never noticing them, and then she began to dance in stately measure a minuet, as if some unseen cavalier were treading the measure with her, and all the time that cold wind was blowing and a strange, quaint melody was being played by invisible hands, aside from which there was not as much noise as if a hummingbird had fluttered its wings.

Then somebody screamed or fainted, and in a moment the music ceased; the dancer was gone. Somebody lighted all the gas burners, and there was the portrait just as it had already been, and when the four young people, hearing the hubbub in the library, came rushing in they were overwhelmed by what they missed, nor dared they cast discredit on the evidence of their elders.

But youth throws off impressions easily, and Helen and Walter and their friends made such charming jest and gayety out of it that with the help of a warm supper the elders were finally induced to throw off the mystery and solemnity of the astral dance, and looked upon it as a mirage, something quite explainable by certain laws of human occult development. Helen even declared, sancily, that her great-grandmother must have been a giddy girl to come back for a brief visit to earth just to dance that tiresome old minuet, and then she looked at Walter and blushed vividly.

"You see, you dear old stupids, you had talked ghosts until you were quite ready to see one in every corner. If great-grandmamma did appear, then, it was to signify that she was quite willing that I should step into her shoes."

"I assure you that no power on earth would persuade me to ever allow her clothes to be disturbed in my life-time," said Mrs. King with emphasis.

Helen looked at Walter, and her pretty mouth made a distinct shaping of the letters "P-h-e-w!"

Walter looked at Helen and telegraphed the word back again. But none of those worldly-wise people ever came near suspecting what might have been the real truth, not even when they saw Walter's auto-harp, the most dreary musical instrument that was ever conceived, lying on the hall sofa the next day, or when they alluded, as they often did, to Helen's wonderful resemblance to her great-grandmother's portrait.—Detroit Free Press.

A Remarkable Robbery.

At Roubaix, France, a band of burglars, after breaking through several strong gates and doors into a factory, entered the office of the establishment and secured an iron safe weighing four hundred pounds and containing twelve thousand francs in silver, a sum which would add considerably to the weight of the burden. The safe was carried up a railway embankment and a considerable distance along the line, after which it was rolled down the other side and probably removed in a cart.

—An Excellent Reputation. — He—"Has the young man a good reputation?" She—"Excellent. He has the reputation of being a millionaire."—Detroit Free Press.

FARMER TIPTON'S NIECE.

Her Unexpected Visit Brought About Two Happy Marriages.

"I don't like girls!" said Farmer Tipton.

His housekeeper made no answer.

"In fact," added Mr. Tipton, "I hate 'em!"

Still Mrs. Martin did not reply.

"But what can I do about it?" he resumed. "If I'd had twenty-four hours' notice, I would have gone over to Cherry mountain or across to Dunham fair," growled Mr. Tipton; "but here comes this letter like a stroke of lightning, to tell me the girl will be here to-night!"

Mrs. Martin smiled a little and went on with her work, the picking over of black beans to make soup; for Farmer Tipton was particular in his eating, and although Hester, the maid-of-all-work, was skillful in the use of pots and pans, he never could relish anything which was not of Mrs. Martin's cooking.

"I suppose you'll have to get a room ready for her," said Mr. Tipton. "She'll have to say all night in any event. But I shall send her back again to-morrow morning. I don't want a niece to live with us. If I had wanted anything of the sort, I could have asked for it, I suppose."

Mr. Tipton lived in a pretty old farmhouse, steep-roofed and shadowed by monster button-ball boughs—a house where Tiptons innumerable had been born and died, where every stone wall had its associations and the very apple trees and gooseberry bushes were declining into an honorable old age, with lichen-covered stems and crispy, dead boughs breaking away with every wind. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that he was an old bachelor, as full of whims and caprices as ever old bachelor was. Nobody, said the neighbors, could get along with him but Stella Martin; and she couldn't if it had not been that she and Thomas Tipton had been boy and girl together, and, somehow, were used to each other, in the days before Stella married that wild, reckless young Martin, who spent her money and broke her heart in such short order, and then shot himself in a gambling saloon. Such a merry, laughing gypsy as she used to be, and now—

"Why," cried the neighbors, "she don't speak to nobody!"

It was lovely old place. Hollyhocks clustered in the garden, tangles of velvet red sweet-williams bordered the path and bushes of dark southernwood hung over the door steps. To Mr. Tipton it was the dearest spot in the world. Mrs. Martin used to bring the family mending out into the porch, sometimes, of a summer evening, and look wistfully at the red sunset shining through the trunks of the cedar trees. But whatever her impressions might have been, she kept them to herself.

If Mr. Tipton did not like the idea of a young girl visitor beneath the ancient roof of Tipton Hall, Phebe Cresshill liked it still less.

"You can send me out into the wilderness as much as you like," said Phebe, crying a whole river Ganges of tears into her trunk, as she threw slippers, collars, cologne bottles and work baskets, an incongruous mass, into its depths; "but I never, never shall leave off caring for Harry! Not if you were to send me to Alaska!"

"Child," said Mrs. Cresshill, sharply, "don't be a goose! The engagement is to be broken off, and there is an end of the whole thing!"

Through her tears Phebe could not but smile to herself. It was all very well for mamma to talk, but ma ma did not know that the baker's boy had carried at the bottom of the basket of rolls a note to Harry Havens, and that Harry knew, as well as she did herself, that she was going to a crabbed old uncle down in New Hampshire, and that she should always, always love him, no matter what they said to her or whither they sent her.

And so, in the peaceful purple afterglow of the June evening, Phebe Cresshill and Mr. Tipton eyed each other with mutual disfavor.

"How do you do, uncle?" said Phebe, with a stiff little courtesy.

"Oh!" said Mr. Tipton. "This is the girl, is it? Yes. How do you do? Mrs. Martin, here, will give you some supper."

And he went off to make sure that the barn doors were properly locked and the hen house secured, for there was a rumor of burglars in Quiet Valley, and Mr. Tipton had the finest Alderney cows and the choicest breed of Brahma fowls in the neighborhood.

"It stands to reason," said he, "that they'll come first to me. And I don't mean to be taken unawares."

Mrs. Martin poured the fragrant tea and served the hot, buttered biscuit and honey in the comb. Phebe choked back the tears that would come and tried to eat something.

"Will you go to your room now?" said Mrs. Martin.

"Yes, please!" faltered Phebe.

It was a spacious, low-ceiled room, full of the sweet scent of dried lavender, and furnished with shining cherry wood presses and high-backed chairs.

"I hope you will rest well," said Mrs. Martin.

"Thank you," said Phebe.

Mr. Tipton was hanging up his lantern in the back kitchen, when Mrs. Martin came downstairs.

"Well," said he, "did you tell her she must go home to-morrow?"

"No, I did not."

"Humph!" said Mr. Tipton. "You might as well."

As Mr. Tipton lay asleep that night he dreamed that he was a boy again at an old-fashioned husking-bee; that the corn was all husked and the barn floor cleared off, and that he and Stella—not pale, silent Mrs. Martin, but the gold-haired, laughing Stella of twenty years ago—were going down the long links of the Virginia reel to the mad music of "Rory O'More."

He sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. Was it real music or a dream? Or was it—

"Burglars! Burglars!" squeaked Hester, banging at his door. "Please, Mr. Tipton, get your gun! He's under the window! I seen him with my own eyes! With all his burglaring tools on his arm!"

In an instant, as it seemed, Mr. Tipton was creeping along under the shadow of the white-blossomed syringa bushes, with his carbine on his shoulder. The moon, a pallid, gibbous line of light, blinked down through the boughs of the button-ball tree. A distant owl hooted from the swamps, as Mr. Tipton made a plunge at his prey.

"Scoundrel, I've got you!" he roared.

"Villain, unhand me!" thundered a deep bass voice.

A brisk scuffle ensued, during which the old carbine went off, discharging its contents—a sudden gleam of flame and smoke—into the leaves of the button-ball tree. Mrs. Martin, who had rushed into Phebe's room, flung her arms around the girl.

"Don't be frightened, dear!" said she.

"Oh, I'm not frightened!" said Phebe, who had lighted a candle, and now looked very Juliet-like, in a long dressing gown, with her yellow hair flowing luxuriantly down her back. "I knew he would come."

"'Knew he would come?'" repeated Mrs. Martin. "The—burglar!"

"Oh, it isn't a burglar," murmured Phebe. "It's Harry!"

"'Harry?'"

"My Harry!" said Phebe, turning a soft pink to the very roots of her hair. "They thought they would part us, but they can't! He has followed me, and has been serenading me under the window! Didn't you hear the banjo?"

"Goodness me!" said Mrs. Martin.

"And," vehemently added Phebe, "I'll be true to him, for ever and ever!"

But the colloquy was presently interrupted by a sound in the hall below, as of some heavy body tumbling over and over with ceaseless persistence. Both women fled to the door and peeped nervously over the stair-rail, while Hester, from behind the mahogany linen-press, shrieked: "Murder! Help! Murder!" without a second of intermission.

"Here's the villain!" shouted Mr. Tipton, rolling over and over like a cider-barrel.

"I've got him!" roared the bass voice of Phebe's Harry.

"The underhand miscreant!" foamed the farmer.

"Madder than a March hare!" uttered Harry, at last succeeding in scrambling to his feet. "Look here, old gentleman, what does all this mean! If you are a burglar, say so! I am not!"

"Harry," chirped Phebe, "be merciful, as you are strong. For my sake, harm not my uncle!"

But Hester, charging into the affray with a pair of tongs, soon changed the aspect of affairs. Explanations ensued—rage changed into laughter—and Mrs. Martin went upstairs to prepare a quaint apartment, commonly known as the oak room, for the reception of the troubadour who had so nearly been shot for a burglar.

"And, look here, young man," said Mr. Tipton, "the next time you come prowling around a house at one a. m. come to the front door instead of the wing window. What the dickens! I'm neither a jailer nor an ogre! If my niece wants to marry a man and the man can prove himself able to support a wife, I should not stand in the way!"

"Uncle," lisped Phebe, "you are a darling!"

"Give me a kiss, my girl," said Mr. Tipton. "I declare, I didn't know how pretty you were, until now!"

Mrs. Martin, always an early riser, came down at five o'clock in the sweet June morning, when the blackbirds were whistling and the cabbage roses were weighed down with dew. But, early as she was, Mr. Tipton had come down before her and stood on the door-step, with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, Stella," said he, chuckling, "who would have thought of our having an adventure in the old place?"

Mrs. Martin smiled.

"What are you doing?" said Mr. Tipton, turning rather abruptly around.

"I am scalding meal for the young turkeys."

"Well, leave it off a minute, and talk, I say, Stella?"

"Yes?"

She looked at him with her large, wine-brown eyes full of serious questioning.

"All this sort of thing makes one think of one's own young days, eh?"

There was the least quiver of a sad smile around her lips.

"The days, Stella, when I used to be fond of you. Before we quarreled. Before Wilfred Martin crossed your path!"

Still Mrs. Martin did not stir. There was something in that reposeful manner of hers that fitted in wonderfully to his ideas of life. He hated a flurry. Mrs. Martin never was in a flurry.

"I am fond of you still," went on Mr. Tipton. "This little love affair in our midst has wakened me up; I don't know how, and I don't care. Is it too late, Stella, to begin life over again, you and I?"

She went up to him, with her slow, graceful step, and put her hand in his. Still she did not speak. She only looked and smiled. But he understood her.

"God bless you, Stella," said he.

Mrs. Cresshill, of No. — East Fortieth street, was highly scandalized when the letter from Tipton Hall came.

"A pretty state of things," said she. "To think that Harry Havens has followed that girl straight into the New Hampshire wilds and married her! And with her uncle's consent into the bargain!"

"That's not the worst of it," dryly remarked her husband. "Your brother Tipton has got married, too! And there's an end of your expectations from that branch of the family."

Mrs. Cresshill wrung her hands, but what mattered idle tears? What was done could not be undone, and Cupid, as all the world knows, cares nothing for sequins.—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

SERVED HER SHOE FOR SUPPER.

A Gallant Noble and How He Taxed His Cook's Resources.

Remarkable instances of gallantry are the subject of an article in the San Francisco Examiner, which says:

In London a century ago it was no uncommon practice on the part of the "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe.

The earl of Cork relates an incident of this kind, and to carry the compliment still further, he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and served up for supper.

"The cook sat himself seriously to work upon it; he pulled the upper part (which was of fine damask) into fine shreds, and tossed it up into a ragout, minced the soles, cut the wooden heel into thin slices, fried them in batter and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu."

"BUSTED" BLAKE.

How a Fortune Fell to His Deserted Widow.

Harken to the tale of how fortune fell to the widow of "Busted" Blake.

The outcome has shown that "Busted" was not radically bad. But he was wretchedly weak of will to reject an opportunity of having another drink with the boys—or with the girls—or with anybody or nobody.

In the days of his ascendency, when he was a young and newly-married architect, he was a buyer of drinks for others. Waiters in cafes vied with each other in showing readiness to take his orders. He was rated a jolly good fellow then. No one would have supposed it destined that some fine night a leering bar-room wit should reply to his whispered application for a small loan by pouring a half-glass of whisky upon his head and saying:

"I hereby christen thee 'Busted.'"

The title stuck. Blake, through continued impecuniosity, lost all shame of it in time; lost, too, his self-respect, and his wife. Mrs. Blake, a gentle and pretty little brunette, had wedded him against the will of her parents. She had trusted, for his safety, to the allurements of his future, which everybody said was bright, and to his love for her.

The years of tearful nights, the pleadings, the reproaches, the seesaw of hope and despair, need not here be dwelt upon. They would make an old story and some of the details might be shocking to the young person. They reached a culmination one day when she said to him:

"You love drink better than you love me. I have done with you."

She was a woman and took a woman's view of the case.

When he came back to their rooms that night, neither she nor his two weeks' old baby girl were there. Then he knew how much he loved them and how much he had underestimated his love.

She did not go to her parents. There was a very musty proverb that she knew would meet her on their threshold: "You made your bed; now lie on it." Her father was a man of no originality, hence he would have put it in that way.

She got employment in a photograph gallery, where she made herself useful by being ornamental, sitting behind a desk in the ante-room. I know not what duties devolve upon the woman who occupies that post in the average photographer's service; whatever they are, she performed them, and with the wages received managed to care for herself and child.

The next day he made a Herculean effort to pull himself together. He obtained a position as draughtsman from one who had known him in his respectable period, and he went tremblingly and sheepishly to call upon his wife and child.

The consequence of his visit was a reunion, which endured for two whole weeks. At the end of that time she cast him off in utter scorn.

How he lived for the next two years can be known only to those who are familiar through experience with the existence of people who ask other people on the street for a few cents toward the price of a night's lodging. By those who knew him he was said to be "no good to himself or anyone else." He acquired the raggedness, the impudence, the phraseology of the vagabond class. He would hang on the edge of a party of men drinking together in front of a bar on the slim chance of being "counted in" when the question went round, "what'll you have?" He was perpetually being impelled out of saloons at foot race speed by the officials whose function it is in barrooms to substitute an objectionable person's room for his company.

One winter Sunday morning he slept late upon a bench in a public square. Awakened by an officer, he rose to go. Hazy in head and stiff in joints he slightly staggered. He heard behind him the cooing laugh of a child. He looked around. It was himself that had awakened the infant's mirth—or that strange something which precedes the dawn of a sense of humor in children. The smiling babe was in a child's carriage, which a plainly dressed woman was pushing. He looked at the woman. It was his wife, and the pretty child was his own.

He walked rapidly from the place, and on the same day he decided to leave the city. He had herded with vagrants of the touring class. The methods of free transportation by means of freight trains and free living by means of beggary and small thievery in country towns were no secret to him. He walked to the suburbs and at nightfall he scrambled up the side of a coal car in a train slowly moving westward.

Mrs. Blake and the child lived in a fair degree of comfort upon the mother's wages, but often the mother shuddered at thought of what might happen should she ever lose her situation at the photographer's.

Consumption had its hold on "Busted" Blake when he arrived in the mining town called Get-there City, in Kansas, one evening. Get-there City had not gotten there beyond a single straggling street of shanties, but it had acquired a saloon, although liquor selling had already been forbidden in Kansas.

"Busted" Blake, with ten cents in his clothes, entered the saloon and asked in an asthmatic voice for as much whisky as that sum was good for.

While awaiting a response his eyes turned toward the only other persons in the saloon—three burly, bearded miners of the conventional big-hatted, big-booted and big-voiced type. Above their heads and against the wall was this sign, lettered roughly with charcoal under a crudely drawn death's head:

"Five thousand $ dollars will be paid by the undersined to the widow of the sneaking hound that informs on this saloon. This is no meer bluff.

P. Gibbs."

Blake, after a brief coughing fit, looked up at the man behind the bar—a great, thick-necked fellow, with a mien of authority and yet with a certain bluff honesty expressed about his eyes and lips. This man, whose air of proprietorship convinced Blake that he could be none other than P. Gibbs, had first looked sneeringly at the ten cent, but had shown some small sign of pity upon hearing the ominous cough of the attenuated vagrant. He set forth a bottle and glass.

"Help yerself," said P. Gibbs. While Blake was doing so, Mr. Gibbs went on: "Bad cough o' yourn. Y' mightn't guess it, but that same cough runs in my fam'ly. It took off a brother, but it skipped me."

Here was a bond of sympathy between the big law-defying saloonkeeper and the frail toper from the east. "Busted" Blake drained his glass and presently coughed again. P. Gibbs again set forth the bottle and this time he drank with Blake. Before long, by dint of repeated fits of coughing, on the part of Blake, the sympathy of P. Gibbs was so worked upon that he invited the three miners in the saloon to join him and the stranger.

Blake slept in a corner of the saloon that night. He left there the next morning, a curious expression of resolution on his face.

During the next three weeks he was now and then alluded to in P. Gibbs' saloon as the "coughing stranger."

In the middle of the third week, at nine o'clock in the evening, when the lamps in P. Gibbs' saloon were exerting their smallest degree of dimness, and the bar was doing a good business, the door opened and in staggered "Busted" Blake. His staggering on this occasion was manifestly not due to drink. His face had the hideous concavities of a starved man and the uncertainty of his gait was the token of a mortal feebleness. His emaciation was painful to behold. His eyes glowed like huge gems.

The crowd of miners looked at him with surprise as he entered.

"The coughing stranger!" cried one.

"The coffin stranger, you mean," said another.

"Busted" Blake lurched over to the bar. His eyes met those of P. Gibbs on the other side, and the latter reached for a whisky bottle.

Blake fumbled in his pocket and brought forth a piece of soiled paper, which he laid on the bar under the glance of P. Gibbs.

"Keep that!" said Blake, in a husky voice, whose service he compelled with much effort. "And keep your word, too. That's where you'll find her."

P. Gibbs picked up the paper.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"That woman's name there! It's the name of my widow; the address, too, of a photograph man who will tell you where she is. Get the money to her quick, before the governor comes down on you with the troops to close you up. And don't let her know how it comes about. Pick out a man to take it to her, let him pay his expenses out of it—a man you can trust—and make him tell her I made it somehow, mining or something, so she'll take it. You know."

P. Gibbs, who had listened with increasing amazement, opened wide his eyes and drew his revolver. He spoke in a strangely low, repressed voice:

"Stranger, do you mean to say—"

"Yes, that's it," shrieked "Busted" Blake, turning toward the crowd of intensely interested on-lookers. "And I call on all of you here to witness, and to hold him to his word. That's no mere bluff, he says, in his notice there, and I'm the sneaking hound that informed. My widow's entitled to his five thousand dollars. I did it in Topeka, and for proof see this newspaper!"

P. Gibbs fired a shot from his revolver through the newspaper that Blake pulled from beneath his shirt. Then the saloon-keeper brought his weapon on a level with Blake's face.

"It's good your boots is on!" said P. Gibbs, ironically.

But he did not fire. Blake stood perfectly still, awaiting the shot, and feebly laughing.

So the two remained for some moments, until Blake suddenly sank to the floor, quite exhausted. He died within a half-hour, on the saloon floor, his head resting in the palm of P. Gibbs, who knelt by his side and tried to revive him.

At the next dawn a man whom they called Big Andy started east; and the piece of paper that Blake had handed to P. Gibbs was not all that he took with him. The United States marshal arrived and duly closed Gibbs' saloon, which reopened very shortly afterward, minus the five thousand dollar offer.

And Big Andy found the widow of "Busted" Blake, to whom he told a bit of fiction, in accounting for the legacy conveyed by him to her, that would have imposed upon the most incredulous legatee. When she had recovered from the surprise of finding herself and her child provided with the means of surviving the possible loss of her situation, she forgave the late "Busted," and there was a flow of tears unusual to a boarding house parlor and unnerving to Big Andy.

Presently she asked Andy whether he knew what her husband's last words had been.

"Yep," said Andy, "I heard 'm plain and clear. Pete Gibbs, the other executor of the will, you know—Pete says: 'It's all right, partner; me an' Andy will see to it,' and then your husband says: 'Thank Gawd, I've been some good to her an' the child, at last.'"

Which account was entirely correct. When Big Andy had returned to Get-there City and related how he had performed his mission, he added:

"I'd been such a lovely liar all through, it's a shame I had to go an' spoil the story by puttin' in some truth at the finish."

They put up a wooden grave mark where Blake was buried, and after his name they cut in the wood this testimonial:

"A tenderfoot that was some good to his folks at last."—R. N. Stephens, in Philadelphia Press.

A Suburb of Chicago.

It appears impossible for foreigners to gain a clear idea of the great extent of the United States. A lady in Bangor, Me., who has acquaintances in England, received a letter from one of them the other day saying that a party wished to visit the exposition but did not care to board in Chicago itself. They preferred to have rooms in the suburbs. Therefore, could she secure them a boarding place in Bangor; they would make Bangor their headquarters and visit the fair from day to day. This equals the story of the young Briton who years ago visited this country. On shipboard he fell in with an American and asked the price of a good horse and carriage in the states, saying he had a week's leisure and thought he would drive over to Portland, Me., out to Chicago and back to New York by way of Washington.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - AUGUST 4, 1893.

A PETRIFIED whale has been found in Central America 3,200 feet above the level of the sea.

WILLIAM S. CARROLL, president of the People's Bank of Baltimore, it is stated, will be appointed Consul to Dresden, Germany. Mr. Carroll was born in Mercer, Pa., and is a life long Democrat.

A TRAVELING bank is projected in Idaho, to accomodate a few towns on Kootenia lake, neither of which can support a bank of its own. The bank is to be on a boat, which will travel from town to town.

NOAH ALLEN, the attorney of the striking coal miners, in Kansas, admits practically that the miners have lost the strike and that they are about ready to give up and return to work at the operator's terms.

GOVERNOR PATTISON has appointed John M. Buckalew a member of the Indian Fort Commission, and J. Herman Bosler, of Carlisle, and Charles L. Bailey, of Harrisburg, trustees of the Harrisburg Hospital for the Insane.

IT has been decided by the Supreme Court of Tennessee that firemen and engineers on colliding trains in accidents caused by the negligence of the conductor in charge of the train are not entitled to recover damages from railroad companies.

GENERAL GEORGE MORGAN, who was the only surviving general of the Mexican war, died on Wednesday, at Fortress Monroe, Va., where he had gone from his home in Mount Vernon, Ohio, for his health. He was 78 yesrs old and a native of Pennsylvania.

UP to date 3700 men in Denver, Colorado; have registered as out of employment, and the list is steadily increasing. Means are being taken to furnish employment and provide food for the hungry and destitute. It is estimated that 15,000 persons, men women and children, are in need of immediate aid.

THERE are two classes of pensioners that should be dropped as quickly as possible. One is the fraud who got his pension by manufactured testimony and who never should have been given one, and the other is the thrifty and prosperous citizen who draws a pension to which he is technically entitled, but which he does not need. The ordinary citizen should not be taxed for the benefit of either of them and they should be fired from the pension rolls without ceremony.

AUGUST 7, 1893, will be an eventful date in the history of nations. The two supreme legislative bodies of the two greatest countries on the globe will be in session and engaged in the most important business. The British Parliament has fixed upon the date to receive from committee the home rule bill, endowing Ireland with self government; and the Congress of the United States meets it special session to secure to 63,000,000 people a currency that shall command the confidence of ourselves and the world—which is really to lay the track on which civilization may the better run.

THE circulation statement issued by the treasury department shows that the amount of gold and silver coin and certificates, United States notes and national bank notes in circulation, August 1, was $1,611,089,017, an increase during the month of July of $17,327,606. The increase during the last twelve months was in round figures $9,000,000. The per capita circulation, based on an estimated population of 67,066,000, August 1, was $24.02. Of the $2,123,968,649 of the general stock of money issued the amount as stated is in circulation, leaving $512,869,632 in the treasury of the United States on August 1.

A SURPRISING discovery has been made by Pension Commissioner Lochren. 16 pensioners, all of whom were employees of the Pension Bureau, had their pensions rerated during Corporal Tanner's regime. The act was so flagrant that Secretary Noble declared the re-ratings illegal, and ordered them to be rescinded. It now appears that neither Tanner nor his successor (Raum) paid the slightest attention to the Secretary's orders, and that these pensions have since been paid at the higher and illegal rate. It is not likely that the sums thus filched from Uncle Sam can be recovered. All that is possible now is to suspend further payments. Some of the speculators, however are still in the employ of the Pension Bureau, and they should be promptly drummed out of the service which they have disgraced.

ALL that is required at the extra session of Congress says, the Philadelphia *Record*, is to repeal the first section of the Sherman law, which directs the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase, from time to time, silver bullion to the amount of 4,509,000 ounces, or so much thereof as may be offered in each month at the market price, and to issue in payment for such purchase of silver bullion Treasury notes of the United States. This is the only amendment to the law that is needed or desired at present by the friends of honest currency.

It ought not to take them thirty days to fully discuss and repeal the first section of the Sherman act. Congress could then adjourn, after the performance of so valuable a service to the country, and return to Washington on the first Monday in December to discharge the regular business of legislation. There can be no excuse for dallying or delay over the urgent business for which the extra session has been called.

In speaking of the wonderful advance in the price of hay, a Philadelphia correspondent of the Lancaster *Inquirer* says: A year ago it was selling at about $15 per ton. So rapid has been the advance that $2 per ton has been added to the price during the past ten days, while the present market price for choice to fancy baled hay along the Atlantic seaboard ranges from $20 to $23 per ton. The same quality of baled hay is selling in Great Britain at $25 and more per ton and it is hard to get even at those prices. This is due to the short crops in England, France, Austria and Germany. This is the first time in many years that Europe has been compelled to ask this country for such a large smount of hay, and it is the first time in the history of America that hay has been exported to Germany.

Few people realize what an enormous business the hay trade is. They fully appreciate the importance of "King Cotton," and when they hear occasionally that some prominent broker has been wrecked in a wheat corner, they conclude that much money is made and lost in that cereal, but the hay trade is considered "small potatoes.,, For such readers it may be well to state that hay is the chief crop in the United States, as far as its money value is concerned, and that it long ago distanced "King Cotton," for many years the leading crop, and now stands without a rival. The latest official figures obtainable show that the area devoted to hay cultivation is 38,591,903 acres, the annual crop amounting to 46,643,094 tons, amounting in value to $408,499,505. This is far in excess of any other crop.

THE director of the mint has published statistics showing the "amount of money in the world." From his table it is learned that France stands at the head, holding $1,500,000,000 in coin, besides $81,000,000 in uncovered notes, making $40.56 per capita. Leaving out such small countries as Holland, Belgium, Cuba, etc., the United States comes next of the nations with $25.15 per head as against 18,42 which sufficiently supplies the wants of great Britain. It is indeed strange that the enormous commerce of Great Britain can be sufficiently accommodated with such a moderate sum which differs by a few cents from the $17.72 which is the quota of Spain. Confidence is a plant of slow growth and does not thrive in any soil where revolutionary projects in financial legislation are being hatched. On the other hand with cheerful confidence and a high standard of commercial morality it is amazing how small a quantity of metal either white or yellow, is required for all the mercantile transactions of a great nation, as we may see by the English returns just noted where coin is but a mere fraction of the total of things doing the work of the currency. Checks are much more in use here than in England, and it would thus seem that our financial ills are caused by something besides a lack of sufficient money "per capita."

THE prospect of a war between France and Siam which threatened all Europe has been averted by the latter country submitting to the demands of the former. Siam is a country about which but little was known by our people, until the opening of the present difficulties between that country and France.

It is, however, a kingdom of some consequence, occupying the peninsula known as Indo-China, or further India, and having an area of about three hundred thousand square miles and a population of six million souls, one fourth of whom are Chinese. The capital and chief city is Bangkok, with half a million inhabitants, which is situated on the Monam river about twenty miles from where it empties into the Gulf of Siam. This river, like the Nile, overflows its banks yearly, thus enriching the land by alluvial deposits. Rice is the chief product and forms two-thirds of all the country's exports; sugar, pepper, cotton, and hemp are other products. In the abundance, variety, and excellence of fruits, vegetables, and spices, Siam is unsurpassed by any country in the world.

ONLY sixty-eight icebergs have found their way from Arctic waters to the Gulf Stream this year, against 179 "floaters" that were reported last year. German scientists believe that this diminished quantity of floating ice has had a decided effect not only upon the temperature of the Gulf Stream, but upon the climate of Europe. Those savants attached to the Gotha Institution have sent to our Naval Hydrographic Office some interesting forecasts, prepared from data which the Hydrographic Office had sent them. The Gotha geographers predict a summer and autumn his year similar to that of last year. There will be, they say, an insufficient rainfall in the autumn and a severely cold winter. The prediction is at too long range to posess any practical value upon this side of the Atlantic; but it is worth noting in order to determine how far the Gotha theory may be borne out by results.

IN 1850 the United States produced 4.3 bushels of wheat for each unit of the population. In 1860 the quantity grown was equal to 5.5 bushels per capita. In 1870 it was equal to 6. 1 bushels, and in 1880 had increased to 9.9 bushels: yet in 1889 it declined to 7.7. bushels, and in 1893 is likely to fall below 5.6 bushels per capita. If such is the result of this year's harvest, it will no more than meet domestic requirements, and the exports we make must be derived from the large stocks now in store from last year's crops.

IT is estimated that the peach crop the coming season will reach 56,000,000 baskets. The estimate exceeds those of 1891. which was considered an excellent year, the shipment then being about 3,000,000 baskets. The present estimate includes state of Delaware and the Maryland portion of the peninsula.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 29, 1893. Secretary Carlisle is the only member of the cabinet at present in Washington, and he has been confined to his house for several days this week by rheumatism, but next week President Cleveland, and the other members of the cabinet will be here, as they have been notified that the President wishes to submit the first draft of his message to Congress to them and have a full and free discussion of its contents before it is finally completed.

Attempts are numerous at trying to guess the nature of the President's coming message, but it is nonsense for any outside of the cabinet and a few close personal friends of Mr. Cleveland—and they won't talk about it—to pretend to know. The mere fact that he will send another message to Congress at the opening of the regular session, even should the extra session remain in session until then, and the general belief is that it will, make it presumable that his message to the extra session will be confined to what it was called to legislate upon finance. And if this presumption be correct it will not indicate any change of opinion as to the necessity for tariff and other reforms advocated by the Democrat party during the last campaign. Merely that circumstances have made it necessary to take up finance first.

Speaking of reform, Commissioner Lochren is goingright ahead in the programme mapped out for the reformation of the pension roll, notwithstanding the howl that is being raised by a few Congressmen whose constituents have been suspended. It has already been discovered that, in addition to the large number of pensions granted under the last administration without proper examination of the applicant and his papers, there were thousands granted illegally, knowingly and wilfully. Only those granted under the act of 1890 have yet been examined and no others can be taken up for a long time. The suspensions up to date number nearly 6,000, and if the same average be kept up in the entire 370,000 pensions granted under that law the total number of suspensions will be something like 75,000. The examination is very thorough and systematic and only those cases showing clearly some irregularity or doubt of the right of the pensioner to receive the amount he has been getting are suspended, and few, if any, of those who get restored to the roll upon a re-examination will get as large a pension as they have been receiving.

"Senator Gorman," remarked a friend of the man who has proven his right by his ability on many occasions to be classed as a Democratic leader, "never announces through the newspapers his future political intentions, and that fact is so well known that he very seldom takes the trouble to contradict the newspaper stories which appears from time to time purporting to give in detail what he intends to do in case this or that happens in the Senate. It is safe to say, however, that his future actions, like those of the past, will always be such as will meet the approval of a majority of good Democrats, and to say also that any advance announcements of them which may appear may always be set down as merely guesses."

One of the most encouraging signs to those who expect financial relief from the legislation of the extra session is the fact that, while most of the Democratic Senators and Representatives have ideas of their own as to the legislation needed, a majority of them express themselves as willing to hear the arguments of those who advocate other ideas, and to be open to conviction if the other fellow's argument be the best. If this feeling be shared by a majority of the Democrats in both House and Senate the difficulty of reaching some satisfactory basis of compromise will be greatly lessened. But its going to take time to bring about that result, and wise people will not expect immediate Congressional action on this important subject. Good legislation is better than hurried legislation, and I have yet to find the first Democrat who does not firmly believe that good legislation will be one of the certainties of the Fifty-third Congress.

Gen. Duncan S. Walker, chairman of the committee on invitations of the centennial celebration of the laying of the corner stone of the Capitol building, to be held September 13 next, this week sent invitations to the Governors of all the states and their staffs to participate. President Cleveland has promised to introduce the principal speaker at the celebration who will be Mr. William Wirt Henry, of Virginia's a descendant of Patrick Henry. M.

Shy On Silver.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—For the first time since the passage of the Sherman silver law the treasury has failed to buy the full monthly quota of 4,500,000 ounces of silver. The total purchase for the month was 2,384,000 ounces, leaving a shortage of 2,116,000 ounces. The amount purchased to-day was 216,000 at the counter figure of $0.7030 per ounce.

The two Populist members of Congress from Colorado, Messrs. Pence and Ball, were in Mr. Preston's office to-day when he rejected all the offers and made the counter offer of $0.7030 cents per ounce. The silver men indicate a purpose to precipitate a silver discussion on the first working day of the extra session of Congress by a resolution of inquiry as to whether or not the secretary of the treasury has not exceeded his authority in refusing to purchase 4,500,000 ounces of silver in July, as provided by the Sherman law.

Bank Building Collapses.

Five floors and three interior walls in the rear portion of the Second National Bank Building, now being remodled, at the corner of ninth and Liberty streets, Pittsburg, fell with a terrible crash today. Forty workmen were inside, but all but two escaped. One of these, Thomas McGladdegan, was buried beneath the wreck of brick, broken timbers and structural iron, and was killed. His companion, Felix Quinn, escaped by clinging to an iron pillar on the fourth floor while the wreck was tumbling past him.

Building Inspector Brown attributes the accident to an old and weak center wall which had been overloaded. The money loss will reach $5000.

A Fortune Awaits a Diver.

LONDON, July 30.—Although the Salvage association of Great Britain holds that the feat is simply impossible, officials of the Royal navy have for some time been considering the possibility of raising the hull of the ill-fated Victoria, which lies in seventy fathoms, where the pressure is equal to that of ten atmospheres, or enough to crush anything short of a solid piece of metal, to say nothing of a human body clad only in a rubber diving suit. The officers are now looking for a diver who will go down even twenty-three fathoms, but so far they have been unable to find one, notwithstanding that a liberal percentage of the $90,000 left in the wrecked vessel has been offered as a reward.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Destructive Storm.

WHEELING, W. Va., July 31.—The drought which has prevailed throughout this section of the state was broken by a terrific thunder and rain storm which swept over the entire country from west to south this evening. Over 500 telephone poles in this city were washed away and great volumes of water issuing from Hillside street look like rivers. The surrounding country was greatly in need of rain.

A special from Caldwell, Ohio, reports great destruction to property by the terrible tornado which accompanied the rain. The handsome Presbyterian church was completely wrecked, falling across North street, crashing into the residence of James Kannell, wrecking it.

The Noble National bank building was also wrecked. The opera house and several other buidings were badly damaged. Many shade trees were torn up by the roots. In the surrounding counties great damage was done but no fatalities are reported.

Reunited After 21 Years.

After a separation lasting 21 years, John H. Morrison and his wife, of Lancaster, Pa., have been reunited. In 1865 Squire Morrison wedded Miss Ery, in York county, and five years later came here to reside. He remained here for two years, and, meeting business reverses, went west, leaving his wife and four daughters here, and nothing was heard of him until last March, when an advertisement for a wife appeared in a Harrisburg paper signed John H. Morrison. It was seen by one of his daughters. She answered it. Morrison received 617 answers to his advertisement, but replied only to the one written by his daughter. In the correspondence that followed their relationship was disclosed, and when he learned his wife was still living he made arrangements to take her to his western home. A letter received Tuesday states that they recognized each other on sight at the railway station in Oklahoma.

Veteran Burned to Death.

IRVINGTON, N. J., July 31—Frederick Crompton, an inmate of the soldiers' home at Kearney and a veteran of the Second New Jersey regiment, was burned to death here yesterday morning. Crompton obtained a furlough from the home on Saturday and came to Irvington to visit Michael Ready, a comrade, who keeps a shoe shop here. Ready's shop was a small shanty. The two old men had a good time Saturday evening, and about 2 o'clock yesterday morning Ready left the building for about ten minutes. When he returned the shop was a mass of flame. It is supposed that Crompton tried to light his pipe and ignited the woodwork of the shanty. While the fire was burning search was made for Crompton, but he could not be found. After the fire was out, his charred body was found lying in the ashes.

That Spotted Snake.

SPRINGFIELD, O., August 2.—The appearance of the monster spotted snake at Mutual, 11 miles north of the city, has caused people of that vicinity to be greatly excited. It was first seen last Wednesday by Frank Eggleston, a farmhand, crossing the road a mile south of Mutual. Its course was from the Samuel Hedges farm to the old McLain farm. Mr. Eggleston says the reptilian wonder was between 18 and 20 feet in length and made a track broader than his hand in crossing the highway. A posse of armed men have been hunting it ever since. A trail was discovered yesterday, but it was to old to follow. A supposed haunt of the reptile has been located near a creek on the McLain farm, and a posse of men is lying in wait for it here. The excitement in the vicinity is of such a nature that the village of Mutual talks of nothing else.

Alleged Murderer's Confession.

Max Schamburg, Austrian counsul at Pittsburg, has received what purports to be the confession of Karl Smetena, made on his death bed in Bohemia, who sets forth that, in 1890, he murdered a Pole named Wolkoski and robbed him of $210, for which crime another Pole named Olkowski was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for 10 years. Smetena died to the old country and was serving a sentence of six years for robbery when he made the confession. He does not say where the murder was committed, but alleges that he was employed at Irwin in May, 1890. The object of his confession is to have the innocent man, Olkowski, released from prison.

A Terrible Charge.

CHICAGO, July 31.—In connection with the grand jury investigation into the cold storage warehouse holocaust, a local paper prints a sensational story to the effect that the fire which resulted so disastrously to human life was of incendiary origin, the incentive being a desire to cover up a wholesale theft of goods stored in the warehouse. The story goes that for three weeks previous to the fire the big house was systematically looted night after night by a ring composed of certain crooks on the outside and certain parties on the inside.

Spiked a Woman to The Floor.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M. July 29.—Robbers perpetrated an unheard-of cruelty at the ranch of Maurice Gomez, a wealthy Italian sheep raiser, a few miles from here. Both Gomez and his wife were killed, and the murderers, not content with ordinary methods, drove an iron bolt through the woman's body, pinning it to the floor. The robbers apparently wished to make it appear that the crime was committed by Indians. The two children of the murdered parents are missing.

Murder and Lynching.

GALVESTON, Tex., Aug. 2.—Near Montgomery three negroes attacked the house of M. Marsh, killed him, ravished his wife murdered his infant and cut out the tongue of his seven year old child. His wife is believed to be dying. One negro was caught and lynched. The sheriff and possee are searching for the others.

A MONUMENT has been dedicated at Chambersburg, commemorating the burning of that place by the Confederates on July 30, 1864.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS

—Tanning is done in this country in about one-quarter the time usually allowed in Europe.

In 1889 the United States produced 103,000 tons of refined copper, nearly half the world's yield.

—The world's coal fields already known and worked contain coal enough to last a thousand years.

—Smallpox in the postoffice building at Auburn, Mass., has compelled quarantine, stopping all mails.

—The great gold fields of South Africa were discovered in 1866 by an elephant hunter named Hartley.

—A Texas girl, 15 years old, proposes to walk to the World's Fair if she can get another girl to compete with her.

—More than one-third of the 52,000 immigrants who landed at New York last month were Italian and Jewish.

—Ohio liquor dealers will participate actively in the election of state legislators, aiming to repeal all unjust laws.

—Fifty-six years ago the block on which the Chicago postoffice now stands was sold for $595. It is now worth $5,080,000.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

—The remains of 55 priests will be removed from St. Paul's monastery vault at Pittsburg and buried in private graves outside.

—Explosion of 2500 pounds of powder in the American Company's mill at South Acton, Mass., killed William Bridge, a workman.

—The Bethlehem Iron Company's steel mill, of Bethlehem, Pa., will resume operations in full blast Monday after an idleness of a month. The mill is the only industry there that has been idle this summer.

—In Paris they first utilize rats to clean the flesh from the bones of carcasses, then kill the rats, use up the fur for trimmings, the skins for gloves, their thigh bones for toothpicks and their tendons and bones for gelatin wrappers.

—Last year nearly 300,000 pounds of aluminum were produced in this country. That is not much when compared with some other metals, but it is a beginning, and when the manufacturing processes are cheapened it will grow rapidly.

—The Indians in some parts of Oregon, notably at Grant, are offering ponies for sale at from $2.50 to $7 apiece. The high water has prevented the usual run of salmon in the big rivers and this has meant a great loss to Indians, many being practically ruined thereby.

—A Maine man has been tried for taking in potatoes at one door of his barn and selling them out of the other. The trouble was that one part of his barn was in Maine and the other part in New Brunswick. He bought potatoes in Canada and moving them across the barn, sold them in Maine without paying duty.

—The official returns show a marked increase in the ravages of the cholera throughout Russia. In the government of Podulia, between July 9th and July 22d, there were 1,165 cases and 350 deaths. In the government of Orel, 234 cases and 91 deaths. In Moscow, from July 16th to 22d, there were 72 cases and 21 deaths.

—William Flegger, well-known in Allegheny, was taken to the Allegheny general hospital on Sunday morning from Pastime park, Pittsburg, suffering from a compound fracture of the right leg. He was found lying at the foot of a high bluff. Flegger does not know how the accident cocurred, except that he wandered up on the hill and then fell over.

—William Nunemacher, a farmer, living near Antigo, Wis., killed his wife and babe and two children aged 5 and 3 years, by dashing out their brains. He then plunged head first from a window in an attempt to kill himself. He is still alive but paralyzed. The cause of the quadruple murder and suicide is said to be the fear that the family would die from starvation.

—Orders were received at Duluth, Minnesota, Friday, from the headquarters of the Minnesota Iron Company, in Chicago to close all mining operations at the hard ore mines of the company until further notice. About three hundred men will be kept at the several mines to ship the ore now in stock piles. The towns of Tower and Ely are almost entirely dependent on the work of the mines.

—While running barefooted through the woods Tuesday, a six-year-old son David McKelvey, of Richmond furnace, Fulton county, trod upon a rattlesnake lying in the path. The reptile quickly struck at him and thrust its fangs into the boy's pantaloons. Badly frightened he ran to his home as fast as his little legs would carry him, the snake dangling back of him. There the father killed the snake, which had nine rattles.

—Rich Farmer Roderick Williams, who is 67 years old and a deacon in the Baptist church at Lockport, N. Y., has eloped with 17-year-old Lizzie Holler, a pretty German girl whose father used to work on his farm. The girl's mother learned of the couple's flight and ran across lots to intercept their carriage. She did so; but the deacon whipped up his horse and the elopers got away and were married. The girl's mother was driven insane by the act.

—Three men were run down by the Eastern fast line on the Pennsylvania railroad at Brinton station near Pittsburg on Sunday night and two of them, Thomas and Michael Cornalan, of Pittsburg, were killed. The third, William Diskin, of Scranton, was terribly mangled and will probably die. The men were in search of work and were walking on the track. The express came around a curve and the engineer did not see the men until the engine was on them.

—A novel damage suit was begun at Williamsport on Monday, Mrs. Clara Smith bringing action against Addrew H. Doney for selling her husband liquor that caused his death. She claims $10,000 damages, and has engaged the best of legal tallent to push the case. The husband, James H. Smith, died in Doney's saloon last March, and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of death from alcholism. Smith was a man of known intemperate habits, and on this account the suit has been instituted.

—The working force of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company at Wilmerding has been furtner reduced by the temporary discharge of between 200 and 300 men. Those who remain at work will suffer a reduction of from 15 to 20 per cent. in wages. Two weeks ago 400 men were discharged. The above order went into effect on Monday. Such a reduction has not been offered to the workingmen in the mills in the western part of the state for many years. It is not thought that the workmen will make any resistance.

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Dress : Goods,

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25c. GINGHAMS, SCOTCH ZEPHYRS, fine, neat and stylish novelty effects—32 inches wide, 10C. a yard.

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GOOD AMERICAN LAWS, medium dark brown grounds with neat white figures, 32 inches wide, 5½C.

IMPORTED DRESS AND SUITINGS, suc qualities as will not be here long at these prices—

35C., 50C., 75C., AND $1.00 A YARD.

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W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,

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$10 Buggy " $4.75 — Middleman's
$30 Team $12.50 — profit.
Morgan Saddle, $1.85 — Cat'g'e Free.

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Attorney-at-Law,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

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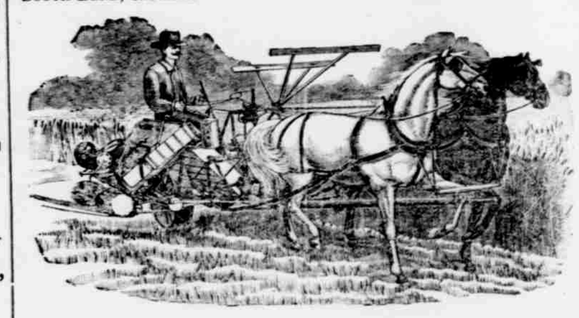
A strong statement but a true one, for these plows are better known, have reached a larger sale, have had a longer run, have proved more popular and given better satisfaction than any other plows on the face of the globe.

We mean the GENUINE OLIVER, and not the imitations claiming to be the Oliver, or equally as good. Such imitations are on the market, placed there by unscrupulous manufacturers who seek to trade on the good name of the OLIVER.

Look out for imitations, buy only the genuine Oliver plows and repairs, and be sure you are right before you take the plow home.

☞Once more—Beware of "bogus" Oliver plows and repairs, and take none but the genuine, made by the OLIVER CHILLED PLOW WORKS, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.



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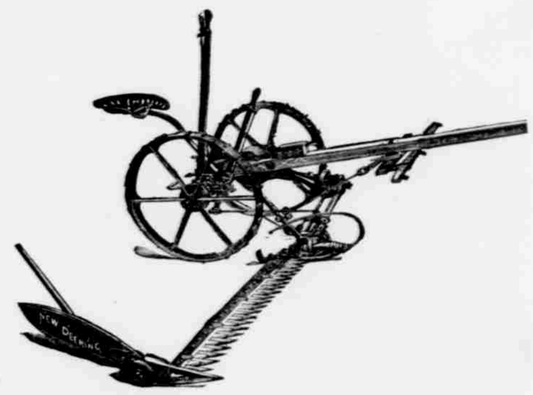

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in endless varieties. You are invited to call and see us when in the city and we will do you good.

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Our Spring Stock is now here. We are now ready to show the most Complete Assortment of

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in the county. We have all the New Shades and Shapes in Hats. Our Clothing needs to be seen to be appreciated.

It will pay you to come and see us as we will save you money.

Very Respectfully Yours,

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CARROLLTOWN, - - - PA.

EVERYBODY

READS THE FREEMAN.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - AUGUST 4, 1893.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Mr. T. J. Itel, of Johnstown, was in town on Tuesday.

—The school book agent will soon make his annual appearance.

—Mrs. John Anstead, was visiting friends in Ebensburg last week.

—Mr. Theodore Sell, of Lilly, was in Ebensburg on Wednesday.

—Mr. A. E. Bender, of the Cambria House, is at the World's Fair.

—Mr. James Itel, of Portage, spent a few hours in town on Tuesday.

—Miss Annie Owens, of Pittsburg, is visiting Miss Maud Zahm in this place.

—Mr. James J. Rhoddy, of Ashville, was a visitor to Ebensburg on Tuesday.

—Mr. William Skelly, one of Gallitzin's good citizens, was in town on Tuesday.

—Mr. Wm. A. Scanlan and family on Tuesday left for Indiana where they will spend the summer.

—Mr. John McTamany, of Washington township, spent a few hours in town on Wednesday on business.

—Mr. George Jordan and family, of Johnstown, spent Sunday in this place as guests of Mr. C. T. Roberts.

—Mr. Thomas McBreen, of this place, got the index finger of his right hand badly mashed one day last week.

—Dr. T. S. Troxell and Mr. Charles Quinn, two of Gallitzin's best citizens, visited Ebensburg on Wednesday.

—On Monday Mr. W. C. Schwab was appointed postmaster at Loretto and Mr. Andrew Smith postmaster at Portage.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barker, of this place, started for Chicago on Monday where they will take in the World's Fair.

—Messrs. Geo. H. Roberts, H. H. Myers, S. L. Reed and Robert Scanlan, whose absence at the World's Fair has been noted, have all returned.

—Miss Agnes Collins, of Hastings, employed as a domestic by E. E. Goss, of that place, was arrested and bound over for court to answer a charge of stealing ten dollars from Mrs. Goss.

—The Jr. O. U. A. M. and Odd Fellows, of Cherrytree, will have an excursion to this place on Saturday, August 12th, and hold a picnic in the fair grounds.

—Messrs. Augustine Farabaugh and Joseph Stinebiser, both former residents of Northern Cambria, but now of Latrobe, were visitors to Ebensburg on Monday.

—A game of base ball played in this place on Saturday between a South Fork team and an Ebensburg team resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 8 to 4.

—All persons having children belonging to the "Fresh Air Fund" are requested to have them at the depot on next Tuesday morning in time for the 10 o'clock train.

—On Wednesday the number of men and horses employed on the new railroad were as follows: Nineteen foremen or bosses, four hundred men and eighty-eight horses.

—The 250 coke ovens at Coketown, near Blairsville, are banked and several hundred men are thrown out of employment. It is not known when work will be resumed.

—An exchange puts it this way, and the exchange is right: "It is a conceded fact that the stores that have the bargains are not afraid to say so through the newspapers."

—Mr. James Anawalt, manager of the Union Supply Company, of Scottdale, and Miss Ella Sweeney, of Loretto, were married in Washington, D. C., on Thursday of last week.

—The Fresh Air children are all getting along well with the exception of one little girl who has been sick ever since her arrival. She is at present being cared for by Mrs. Edward Griffith.

—John Ambrost, seven years old, was bitten on the ankle by a copperhead snake while gathering wood at his home near Greensburg, Pa. He killed the serpent and it is thought he will recover.

—Mr. Abel Lloyd's old horse "Morgan" took his departure and went where "the good horses go" on Monday. He was about 30 years of age and had been in Mr. Lloyd's possession ever since he was a colt.

—Mrs. Byrnes, relict of Jacob Byrnes, died at her home in Susquehanna township aged about 63 years, recently. She was one of the oldest settlers in that part of the county, and was universally respected.

—David McDermitt, an old Ebensburg boy, but for the past twenty years a resident of Altoona, where he holds a responsible position with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, visited this place on Wednesday.

—On Monday evening a gang of tramps attempted to steal a barrel of whiskey from a freight car at Portage. Some railroad employes saw what they were after and on their approach the tramps took to the woods.

—The Juniata Valley editorial excursion which was to have been to Bedford this year has been abandoned. Many of the fraternity will visit the World's Fair and it is thought the two trips would be more than they could stand.

—Mr. Anthony Gill, one of Chest township's oldest and best citizens, visited Ebensburg on Wednesday. Mr. Gill was a resident of Ebensburg fifty-five years ago and notes many improvements in the old burg since he first saw the county seat.

—The members of the United Brethern church, of Somerset and Cambria counties will hold their annual reunion in Borders' grove, at Holsopple station, Somerset county, on Thursday, August 10th. Several thousand people are expected to attend.

—It looks as if the railroad down the Blacklick is destined to remain unfinished the season as all work on it has been suspended with the exception of finishing the cuts that have already been commenced. Another work has been suspended indefinitely.

—Benjamin Figart, of Jackson township, has made information and had a warrant issued against Ben and Sadie Rager, of the same township, charging the defendants with having cut and hauled away an acre and a half of wheat from his land on Tuesday night.

—At an early hour on Saturday morning three cars of an east-bound freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad, containing horses and cattle, were thrown from the track at the bridge near Hayes station, in Huntingdon county. Nineteen horses and twenty-one head of cattle were killed. The accident occurred through a loose wheel.

—Bishop Mullen, of the diocese of Erie, celebrated his silver jubilee, at Erie, on Tuesday, and at the same time the new Catholic cathedral in that city was dedicated. Bishop Mullen was born in Ireland and ordained to the priesthood in Pittsburg in 1868. Nine years of his priesthood be spent in Cambria county, part of that time in Wilmore and the latter part in Johnstown. He was consecrated bishop of Erie in 1888 to succeed Bishop Young who had died two years previous.

—Twenty-one prisoners were brought to jail on Tuesday charged with trespassing on the railroad by jumping freight trains at Conemaugh. The constable started with twenty-two but one escaped between this place and Cresson by jumping from the train.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that all first class through tickets to the West admit of a stop-off at Cresson. Cresson is a delightful place to break the journey to and from the World's Fair and a large number of travelers are availing themselves of the privilege.

—Mr. Abram Miller, who lived on Kernville Hill, near Johnstown, and who was employed as a teamster, was struck by a motor car on the Johnstown street railway on Saturday morning and instantly killed. Mr. Miller leaves to survive him a wife and eight children in poor circumstances.

—Robert Robertson, who says he is from Wheeling, W. Va., was caught robbing the till in John Armstrong's restaurant in Johnstown on Friday last, and on pleading guilty of the offense before Justice Bland, was sentenced to 30 days in jail. He was deposited in jail on Saturday evening by Sheriff Shumaker.

—Grasshoppers are said to be so plentiful in Catharine township that a farmer who was hauling in his grain was compelled to keep three men ahead of his wagon to rebind the wheat, the bands being cut by the grasshoppers, and in one patch of about three acres they cut the head off every stock of timothy.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

—A surety of the peace case preferred by Charles Farabaugh, Sr., of Blacklick township, against George Boring, Thomas Miller, James Miller and Joseph Miller, of the same township, was settled before 'Squire Jones, of this place, by the defendants paying the costs a few days ago, as was also also an assault and battery case against John and Charles Farabaugh, Jr., brought by Thomas Miller, by the defendants paying the costs.

—A Steubenville man who never could spare a dollar for a newspaper, was always borrowing, but he did manage to send fifty two-cent stamps to a fellow in the east to "know how to raise beets." He got the information. It was to "take hold of the tops and pull." This fellow in the east must be the same one who for one dollar furnished a Washington citizen with a sure recipe for keeping paste from freezing—"keep it on a warm stove."

—An authority on domestic economy advises the housekeeper of limited means to save her fire and strength and do as much ironing as possible with the clothes-wringer. Plain pieces, liketowels, pillow-cases, sheets, merinos and stockiius, put through the wringer will be smooth enough for all practical purposes, if the rollers are tight. Life is too short and flesh and blood are too precious to be wasted sprinkling, folding, unfolding, ironing, refolding and airing a lot of such goods.

—On Sunday evening Mr. John Hughes, of Cambria township, attempted to drive from his barnyard a bull belonging to Mr. Elias Jones, one of his neighbors. Mr. Hughes is a man eighty-three years of age and when he picked up a stick to chase the animal it turned on him and knocked him down. Mrs. Hughes, who happened to be near by, ran to his rescue and succeeded in frightening the animal away. Mr. Hughes was severely hurt but has since recovered from his injuries.

—Miss Mayer, aged 17, poured carbon oil on a fire at Altoona to make it burn better. The explosion that followed ignited her clothing, and before the fire could be put out the girl was burned in a horrible manner, causing the skin to peel off her limbs, and her body was also terribly burned. She died in the hospital on Wednesday morning. The young girl and her mother have been in this country two weeks and made their home with the girl's brother, who is employed in the Pennsylvania railroad shops.

—At the hearing in the case of Robert McGonigle, of Lilly, in which the latter was charged by Mrs. Mary Joseph with the larceny of a pocketbook containing $40 by grabbing it from her hand when he asked her to change a dollar, and which took place before Justice Bland on Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Joseph fully identified young McGonigle as the party, and in default of bail he was committed to jail to answer the charge at court. Sheriff Shumaker took him up that afternoon.—*Johnstown Herald.*

—An Italian whose name we failed to learn was assaulted and robbed in the west end of town on Saturday evening. He was found at an early hour on Sunday morning lying in an insensible condition near where the railroad crosses the road to Driggs' old mill. After he came to he described his assailants as two Americans, one a tall man and the other a short man. He says they took a twenty dollar bill and some silver from him. He was badly bruised and cut about the head, one cut requiring a number of stitches to bring the parts together.

—At a recent meeting of the state board of health a resolution was adopted that all boards of education should require the destruction by fire of all school books used in families when contagious or inferious diseases exist. The subject of cholera was discussed and a system has been adopted for prompt action in case of an outbreak of the disease on emigrant trains. It contemplates prompt and rigid measures to prevent the spread of the disease. Circulars of instruction are issued to local boards of health in which are given methods for respressing or preventing the epidemic.

—On Monday night Daniel Long, a farmer who resides in Black township, Somerset county, with his family, were arousabout midnight by a rap at the door. A son opened the door and was knocked senseless. The father at this moment arrived with a gun and saw two men enter the room. He succeeded in driving them out and then locked and bolted the door. The robbers, however, burst the door open, took the gun from the old man and threatened to kill him unless he told where the money was concealed. After brutally beating the farmer they were given all the money in the house, $217. Both robbers were closely masked.

—Mrs. Mary A., wife of James S. Luckett, died at her home in Blaine City, Clearfield county, on Friday July 28th, 1893, aged 55 years. The deceased, whose maiden name was Gillespie, was born in Washington township, this county, and for a number of years after her marriage resided with her husband in Munster and afterwards in Barr township. She leaves to mourn her death a husband four sons and one daughter, six of her children have preceded her to the tomb. Her remains were hurried in the Catholic cemetery at the Summit on Monday last after the celebration of a requium high mass, by Father Dignam, for the repose of her soul.

—The woodwork of the Powell coal shaft near Cresson was burned Tuesday night. It consisted of a tipple and two small sheds used as a fan and oil house. When the fire broke out a miner, James Harrish, was at the bottom of the shaft. The fire prevented him from coming to the top, and he was not able to ascend until noon on Wednesday when a rope was lowered to him. The Gallitzin fire company had been summoned, but when it arrived it was too late to save the buildings. P. W. Burns, a member of the company, was on the top of the building about fifty feet from the ground when it fell and he jumped to the ground. He broke an arm and leg and had several bruises. The loss is not large.

—As we are now in the midst of the heated term of the year it may be interesting to our readere to learn how to treat persons who may be prostrated by the heat. If one is overcome, is pale, weak and pulseless, he wants a teaspoonful of brandy in water, to stimulate him. If he is florid in the face, and his heart is running like a windmill, he wants an application of cold water, with ice on the temple and wrists. The first is "overcome by the heat," the second, genuine "sunstroke," and a good deal more dangerous. The former is preceded by nausea and dizziness, the latter, if there are any premonitions at all, with a sudden dimness of sight, everything turning green.

—The barn of Andrew Fuller of Banks township, was totally destroyed by fire on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Fuller was having his wheat threshed, when a lot of straw got wrapped about one of the spindles. The spindle heated and set fire to the straw and the carrier conveyed the burning straw into the barn and soon the straw in the mow was ablaze. The fire burned rapidly and some of the men engaged in the building had a close call. The thresher, all of Mr. Fuller's grain, hay, etc., were destroyed, besides one horse, was in the stable and could not be be taken out. His loss will reach $1,000, on which there is an insurance of $700 in the Patrons' Mutual.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—On Friday last Emanuel Smith, of Jackson township, paid Ebensburg a visit and in a few hours after his arrival was in the happy possession of a comfortable jag. Mr. Smith is somewhat of a ladies' man, and in his perigrinations through the town came across a Hungarian woman who had been following the new railroad, and who also had a jag that exactly corresponded with his own. They concluded to put their capital together and the couple, with the the two jags, sailing around through the back streets, soon attracted a crowd and the attention of Burgess Lloyd, who ordered their arrest and incarceration in the borough cooler. They were kept in until Saturday morning, when they were allowed to depart on payment of a fine and costs.

—An interesting question has arisen which is puzzling the prothonotaries of the counties of the state. The legislature, at the last session, enacted a law providing that "hereafter all certificates of naturalization shall be printed on parchment." Heretofore the certificates have been printed on common white paper, which costs but one-tenth as much as parchment. The prothonotary of Montgomery county refuses to comply with the law and is using the plain white paper as of old. In Northhampton and Lycoming counties the prothonotaries use parchment, they having been informed by the court that such was the law and it must be strictly carried out. In Schuylkill county Prothonotary Kirk does not adhere to the parchment clause and sticks to the old paper. It is probable that many lawsuits will be the result of this misunderstanding.

How Hay is Graded.

In view of the large amount of hay that is likely to be shipped from this country to Europe this year, the committee appointed by the New York Produce Exchange, have offered the following classifications for adoption:

Prime timothy hay shall be pure timothy properly cured, bright, natural color, sound and well bailed.

No. 1 hay shall be timothy, not more than one-quarter (¼) mixed with other tame grasses, properly cured, bright color, sweet, sound and well baled.

No. 2 hay shall include all timothy not good enough for No. 1, proportionately mixed with other tame grasses, sweet, sound and well bailed.

No. 3 hay shall include all hay not good enough for other grades, not over one-third (⅓) clover, but may be natural meadow, free from wild or bog, sweet, sound and well bailed.

Clover mixed hay shall include all hay containing not over two-thirds (⅔) clover and one-third (⅓) timothy, properly cured, sweet, sound and well bailed.

Clover hay shall be medium grown, properly cured, good color, sweet sound and well bailed.

No grade or rejected hay shall include all hay badly cured, musty, stained, or in any way unsound.

Burglars at Bennington.

On Tuesday night the general store of the Bennington Supply Company at Bennington was entered by burglars and about $400 worth of goods carried off. The entrance to the building was effected by breaking in the door with tools which had been taken from the tool house of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which was near by. A boy who was sleeping in the building heard the robbers and was afraid to make an alarm but watched his opportunity and ran from the, building to the house of the manager of the store and aroused him, but by the time he got to the store the robbers had gone. On Wednesday morning fifteen pieces of dress goods which were identified as part of the goods taken from the store were found secreted in the woods not far away. There is no clue as yet to the identity of the robbers. It is supposed that they broke in the store while a train was passing, as the breaking of the door would make considerable noise, which was unheard on account of the the noise of the train passing.

To Close To-morrow.

To-morrow (Thursday) evening all the rolling departments of the Cambria mills will close down for want of orders, except the No. 1 rail mill. The steel works and blooming mill will also be closed down, as well as the nine-inch and No. 4 mill. Only two out of the six large furnaces and the open-hearth mill will be kept in operation. It may be that by Monday sufficient orders will be accumulated to keep the mills in operation next week. The officials of the company, of course, regret the necessity of this action, but say that it is something which cannot be avoided and that as soon as possible the mills will be started up. None of the shops will be closed down at present, the workmen in these departments being employed mostly in making improvements about the mill. Fully 1,500 men will be thrown out of work to-morrow evening.—*Johnstown Herald.*

Bound and Robbed.

At midnight on Tuesday Chalmer Dubbs, of Saltville, Huntingdon county, hearing a suspicious noise about his premises, arose from bed and walked to the rear porch. On opening the door he was seized by three masked men, who stuffed a paper gag in his mouth and then tied him with a clothes line to the porch railing.

Dubbs had been saving his earnings, amounting to about $500, to build a house, and this he kept under a pillow. The robbers, after tying Dubbs, went to his room and secured the money without awakening his wife. They then fled to the Jack mountains. Dubbs remained tied for several hours before he succeeded in removing the gag and arousing his wife.

Death of Geo. W. Jones.

Mr. Geo. W. Jones of Pittsburg, died at his home in that city on Monday evening from rheumatism, aged about 49 years.

Mr. Jones was well known in Ebensburg, where he was born and raised and resided up until 1877, when he went to Pittsburg. He was united in marriage to Mary, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. K. Zahm, who, with a son and daughter, survives him. His remains were brought to this place on Wednesday and taken to the residence of Mr. Zahm, from where the funeral took place at 3 P. M., his remains being interred in Lloyd's cemetery.

Communication.

We received the following communication which appeared in last week's Coalport *Standard* with a request to publish:

Editor Cambria Freeman:

SIR:—A few days ago a lot of sports, from Coalport, came this way to fish bringing their dogs with them. While they caught fish their dogs killed sheep. Taking in the whole crowd they did quite a big business. We hope our legislators will put a bounty of $2 on the scalp of every dog that is killed while tresspassing on a man's land. This dog tax law is simply a law giving dogs a license to kill sheep. What we want is a law to protect our sheep, not the dogs. No man wants his sheep killed by dogs at any price. I am surprised at Governor Pattison for putting his name to such tom foolery dog laws. Kill the dogs or keep them under a chain or muzzle, if they are worth keeping at all. I have not kept any dog for three years, and can't see any earthly use for a dog. The colt, the calf and the little lambs are all born with their eyes open and in a few hours are ready to flee with their dam's for life. But quite different with the "purp," as he can't see for nine days. Nature provides wisely. It gives you nine full days to kill him. A dog is a nuisance to cattle, they are a nuisance to hogs, they are a nuisance to sheep, they are a miserable nuisance in the house, and they are as often a nuisance outside as otherwise. A number of dogs, or a cross dog at a place denotes that the owner has not taken the highest degree in the society of civilization. In nearly every local newspaper you will see the account of some innocent sheep being slaughtered by some worthless curs. I have partly been fertilizing my farm with dogs for several years and I intend to continue. The question was asked a man once what his dog was good for, he couldn't say. Is he good to drive cattle? No. Is he good to drive hogs? No. Is he good to drive sheep? No. Is he a good watch dog? No. Well is he good for coons? Well I guess he must be good for coons for he is good for nothing else. To be governed by the amount of dogs in this part, there would be no less than five million dogs in the United States, counting ten dollars a year each to feed them would make fifty million dollars worth of feed fed to dogs. That instead should be fed to chickens and pigs. Our forefathers were not annoyed in their day with bears and wolves making onslaughts upon their flocks, as the farmers are to-day with dogs. We are safe in saying that there are more wolves in the country now than there ever was, as the dog and wolf are both members of the canine family, and in a number of instances, bear a strong resemblance and inherits a love for mutton. The law still remains $12 on the scalp of a wolf. Why should there then not be at least $2 on the scalp of a dog, when tresspassing.

JOHN RICKETTS.

Flinton, Pa.

$10 the Round Trip.

On August 10th and 24th the last two of the popular summer series of seashore excursions will be run. A choice of four destinations is allowed—whether Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City or Sea Isle City. The rate of $10 from Pittsburg and proportionately reduced rates from other places is a most extraordinary offer when the distance covered is considered. The tickets are good for return passage within twelve days, which gives ample time for a restful vacation by the sea.

The success of these remaining excursions is assured by the patronage accorded the preceeding two of the series. Great satisfaction has been expressed on all sides at the manner of service with which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company handled these attractive trips, everything possible being done for the convenience of its patrons.

The special train will leave Pittsburg at 8:50 A. M., arriving in Philadelphia a little after 7 in the evening the night may be spent in the Quaker City and any regular train taken the next day for the shore.

The rates apply on regular trains leaving Pittsburg at 4:30; 7:00 and 8:10 P. M. or on special train leaving at 8:50 A. M. on the above mentioned date.

The special train will be run on the following schedule, and tickets will be sold at the rates quoted:

	Rate.	Train leaves.
Johnstown	$9 25	11:03 A. M.
Cresson	8 50	11:52 "
Altoona	8 00	12:55 P. M.
Philadelphia	Ar.	1:16 "

For detailed information address or apply to Thos. E. Watt, Passenger Agent, 110 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg.

Pennsylvania Exhibits at the World's Fair.

They are ahead of them all. Chiefly among them is the display of pure liquors manufactured in the state. It is conceded that no rye whiskies made in the world can equal those made in Pennsylvania, more especially Silver Age, Duquesne or Bear Creek. These three brands head the list of pure ryes, and are so well known that every reputable dealer sells them. North, East, South and West they lead all others because they are pure; because they are reliable, and because they are stimulants that strengthen and invigorate. They are sold at prices within the reach of all, and are sold upon their merits for purity and strength. Silver Age, $1.50; Duquesne, $1.25; Bear Creek, $1.00, full standard quarts. Ask your dealer for them; insist on having them, and if you cannot be supplied send to Max Klein, Allegheny, Pa. Price list of all liquors sent on application. All goods packed neatly and securely.

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, August 2nd, 1893:

Nicholas Wade and Minnie Deitz, Johnstown.

Sylvanus J. Wertner, Patton, and Mary A. Baker, Chest township.

Clark P. Collins, Providence, R. I., and Leila T. Coleman, Johnstown.

Adolf Gabriel and Mary Thomasberger, Johnstown.

William H. Allenbaugh, Dunlo, and Ada M. McDonnell, Summerhill township.

George Stitz and Mary Novak, Hastings.

Stanisto Farun, Glen White, Blair county, Pa., and Katharina Bonglarzik, Gallitzin.

Jacob E. Stiffler and Ellen L. Gilkey, Morrelville.

Raffero Matallo, Patton, and Gusseppe Giordino, Hastings.

Jacob Smegal and Annie Cordick, Gallitzin.

New Music.

"O! Hush Thee, My Baby" (cradle song), "Odd Fellows Grand March," "Oklahoma Waltz" and "Air Ship Waltz" sent to any address for 30 cents per copy or the four for 75 cents, on receipt of this notice and stamps or P. O. order. This is an introductory price, the regular price being 40 cents each. Address

ISAAC DOLES, Publisher,
Indianapolis, Ind.

—Rev. Father Kittell, of Loretto, is at Springfield, Mass., in attendance at the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION OF BOROUGH CHARTER.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county, Pennsylvania, on **Monday, September 4th, 1893,** for a borough charter for the village of Spangler, situate in the township of Susquehanna, county of Cambria and state of Pennsylvania, the style and title of which is to be "The Borough of Spangler."

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney for petitioners.

Ebensburg, Pa., August 4, 1893.

Miscellaneous Notices.

Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address

GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.,
185 Race St., Cincinnati O.

aug19.1y.

THE Ebensburg Building & Loan Association will offer for sale at the council chamber, Ebensburg, on the fourth Monday in august, $1,000.00.

THOS. DAVIS,
LESTER LAEIMER, Secretary. President.

A Rare Opportunity.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of a decree of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned trustee, appointed by said Court, will expose to public sale on the premises in Cambria township, Cambria county, adjoining Bradley station, Ebensburg & Cresson Railroad, on

TUESDAY, AUG. 22, 1893,
AT 1:30 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

All that certain valuable piece of land known as the **"JOHN T JONES' FARM,"** situate in Cambria township Cambria county, Pennsylvania, adjoining lands of Ira Bloom, John S. Davis, Daniel Carney and others, containing

145 ACRES

More or less, with the appurtenances. This is one of the

Most Valuable Pieces of Land in the County,

Has a Fine Southern Exposure.

VEIN OF LIMESTONE
Above water and also contains

ALL THE SERIES OF COAL VEINS OF THE WILMORE BASIN.

It is also well situated close to Bradley Station, E. & C. R. R., and convenient to the hay and produce markets of the growing towns of Cresson, Altoona, Gallitzin, Lilly, Ebensburg and Johnstown. Only two and one half miles from Ebensburg and eight miles from Cresson.

TERMS OF SALE.

Ten per cent. in hand at the time of sale; one-third upon confirmation of sale and delivery of deed; balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, secured upon the premises by bond and mortgage.

Immediate possession given.

RICHARD J. HUGHES,
Altoona, Pa., July 28, 1893.4t. Trustee.

Orphans' Court Sale
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned administrator of Lydia J. Gill, late of the borough of Ashville, deceased, will expose to public sale on the premises on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1893,

At two o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate:

All that certain lot of ground situate in the village, now borough of Ashville, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, bounded as follows: Beginning at a post at Broad street and Cherry alley; thence along said alley north 32 degrees east 100 feet to a post on First alley; thence along said alley south 58 degrees east 50 feet to a post; thence south 32 degrees west 100 feet to Broad street; thence along said street north 58 degrees west 50 feet to place of beginning, and known on plan of lots as laid out in said village as No. 30, reserving and excepting all the coal, iron ore, fire clay, limestone, oil gas and other minerals, with the right of ingress and egress in and upon said lot, having thereon erected a large

2-STORY FRAME BUILDING

With Store-room on first floor, and Outbuildings

The above described premises will be sold subject to the lien of a mortgage in favor of the Altoona Building & L. an Association, of Altoona, Pa., against the deceased.

Terms of Sale:

One-half of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in six months, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage or judgment note of purchaser. The purchaser to have the privilege of paying the whole of the purchase money in cash.

J. J. RHODY.
Administrator of Lyda J. Gill, deceased.
August 4, 1893.

Assignee's Sale
—OF—
COAL!
—AND—
MINERALS.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., the undersigned assignee of John G. Kaylor, of Munster township, Cambria county, will expose to public sale at the Court House in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on

MONDAY, AUG. 21, 1893,
AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

The Coal and Minerals in and under all that certain tract of land situate in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., a joining lands of David Reese on the west, heirs of Wm. Lichtner, deceased, on the north, heirs of Hugh Griffin, deceased, on the east, and heirs of John Davis on the south, containing

43 ACRES.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third of purchase money to be paid on delivery of deed, and the balance in two equal payments at six and twelve months respectively, with interest, secured upon the coal and minerals.

MATHIOT READE,
Assignee of John G. Kaylor.
Ebensburg, Pa., July 27, 1893.

Orphans' Court Sale
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned administrator of Rees S. Lloyd, late of Cambria township, deceased, will expose to public sale to be held at the Court House, in the borough of Ebensburg, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1893,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, that is to say adjoining lands of estate of William S. Lloyd, deceased; G. J. Jones, A. A. Barker, Miss Harris, Geo. Huntley, Dr. T. J. Davison, Mrs. James Young, Wm. Clement et al., containing **One Hundred Acres,** more or less, about seventy-five acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a **Two-Story Frame Dwelling House,** large bank Barn and Outbuilding.

The property is admirably adapted for persons from the cities who desire to spend the summer in the country; is within three-fourths of a mile of Ebensburg on the Pittsburg pike, and a half mile of the Blacklick Extension Railroad. The house contains 9 large rooms and is in good repair. The location is an elevated one and scenery picturesque; good water, etc.

TERMS OF SALE. One third of the purchase money on confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage or judgment note of the purchaser.

FES LLOYD,
Administrator of Rees S. Lloyd, deceased
Ebensburg, Pa., Aug. 4, 1893.4t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Philip J. Dietrich, deceased.

Letters testamentary in the estate of Philip J. Dietrich, late of Chest township, in Cambria county, deceased having been granted to us, all persons indebted to his estate are hereby notified to make payment to us without delay and those having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ANTHONY DIETRICH,
St. Lawrence, Pa.
GEORGE DIETRICH,
Coalport, Pa.
August 4, 1893.

ATTENTION!

WE ARE
THE PEOPLE!

We are convinced that our prices and goods are right. Since we became Simon & Co.'s successors our daily sales up to date have increased just 40 per cent., and we still continue to sell at the same small profit figures. In Clothing you can be suited in a Suit for yourself, your boy or boys in higher quality than price. In Spring and Summer Styles we are stocked up to overflowing. We feel confident that if you come to us you will go away better pleased than ever before, as this is our motto:

Please and Satisfy Everybody.

Why do you get your Shirts made when you can get them to fit you at such a remarkably low price and goods to suit the most particular.

We have Shirts from 25 cents up to $2.98.
Men's Fedora Hats in every shade, color and style that you want for $1.48.
Also a very fine line of the latest and most fashionable Stiff Hats from 50 cents up.

FURNITURE.

Below we will quote a few prices. Then you can judge for yourself.

1 set good yellow Chairs	$ 3.00
1 set good dark Chairs	2.50
1 set good dark Chairs	3.00
1 set cane seat Chairs in dark	4.98
1 set cane seat Chairs in dark	5.50
1 set cane seat Chairs in dark	6.00
1 set cane seat Chairs, Mahogany	6.24
1 Oak Rocker with arm	1.75
1 Dark Rocker with arm	1.69
1 Oak cane seat, fancy arm	2.85
1 dark cane seat, fancy	2.75
1 light, very fancy arm	2.98
Child's Rockers, 50c., 65c., 75c. and	1.00
Perforated Chairs and Rockers in all styles and prices.	
1 full 8-piece Mahogany or Walnut Red-room Suite	24.00
1 full 8-piece Oak Red-room Suit	27.00
Sideboards, Cupboards and Sinks a specialty.	

Oil Cloth & Carpets.

We are stocked in Oil Cloth and Carpets. It will save you money to buy of us as in buying our stock early and in large quantities we saved money.

Floor Oil Cloth from 25 cents to 48 cents per square yard.
Ingrain Carpet, one yard wide, at 30, 40, 48 and 60 cents.
Stair Carpet from 23 cents up to 50 cents per yard.

SHOES! SHOES!

If you wish to get a good and substantial Shoe call on us. You will surely find something that will suit you.

Ladies' dongola plain tip and spring heel, button	$1.25 to $2.00
Ladies' dongola, opera and common sense, button, heel	$1.25 to 1.50
Ladies' extra fine tipped Blucher	2.50
Ladies' russet, tipped, button	2.00
Ladies' fine pebbled buttoned; also, Misses' and Children's patent leather tipped	$1.10, $1.25, 1.30
Ladies' fine surge, button or lace	1.38
Ladies' tipped and common sense Oxfords	$1.00 and 1.25
Children's tipped Oxfords	.50
Children's russet and dongola spring heel	$1.00 and 1.10
In fants' shoes from 22 cents up.	
Men's lace and congress shoes	1.25
Men's satin calf, lace or congress	2.00
Men's B calf, lace or congress	1.75
Men's tipped Blucher, extra fine	2.50
Men's fine hand-sewed, lace or congress	3.00
Men's fine Kangaroo tipped, lace or congress	2.00
Men's Grecian calf, lace or congress	2.00
Men's fine Kangaroo tipped, lace or congress	3.00
Men's extra fine gossamere calf, lace or congress	1.75
Men's grain plow shoes, buckled, Ballist tongue	1.35
Mens working shoes you can get from us from	.99 cents to 1.25

DRY GOODS.

Ladies, here is the place to get your dry goods.

Curtains from 75 cents $5.00 per pair.
Ladies' percale waists, light or dark, 50 cents.
Ladies' batest waists, figured and striped, with ruffled front at 74c.
White waists, all kinds of material, the latest and most fashionable styles, from 69 cents to $2.48.
Dress ginghams for 8 cents per yard and up.
Apron ginghams from 4½ to 10 cents.
Muslin in bleached or unbleached from 4½ to 10 cents.
In Calico we are stocked full of the finest, newest and most desirable in the market, at from 3 to 14 cents.
Ladies' skirt embroidery, 40 inches wide, for 48 cents and up.
Flouncing embroidery from 35 cents to $1 per yard.
A complete line of trimmings of all sorts and dresses in all styles on our shelves and counters.
Call and see them. You can't help but buy, as the bargains we are offering in the ladies line are something that you can't grasp every day.

We challenge any one to equal the intrinsic value as well as the variety and extent of our bargain offering this season. Don't wait but come at once to Yours Respectfully,

NORTH & CO.,
THE LEADERS,
GALLITZIN, PENNA.

N. B.—It may be of interest to you to say we are still deep in the grocery business. It will surprise you to see the way we are selling goods in this department of our mammoth store. Some merchants say "I wonder where they can get goods to sell at those figures, as we can't buy them wholesale at the prices they are retailing for." Here is the secret: We know where the goods grow—that is why we sell so low. And when you come to town,

Look for the Red Flag--That is the Place.

Announcements.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Treasurer on the Democratic ticket subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.
JOSEPH BENGELE.
Gallitzin, Pa., May 26, 1893.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the next Democratic county convention.
WILLIAM J. TIERNEY.
Cambria township, July 5, 1893.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the next Democratic county convention.
JOSEPH A. WERTNER.
Chest Springs, July 5 1893.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
I hereby announce myself as candidate for the nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.
JOHN KIRBY.
Johnstown, June 16, 1893.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the next Democratic county convention.
BLAIR SHORT.
Lilly, May 23, 1893.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the next Democratic county convention.
PATRICK E. DILLON.
Elder township, May 19, 1893.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.
W. C. BERRY.
Wilmore, June 16, 1893.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on the 21ST DAY OF AUGUST, 1893, by A. B. Cushing, J. J. Hauk, James A. McClain, M. W. Thompson and W. F. Taylor, under the Act of Assembly approved April 29th, 1874, entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the "SUSQUEHANNA ELECTRIC LIGHT, HEAT AND POWER COMPANY," the character and object of which are to furnish electricity for light, heat and power for commercial purposes in Spangler, Barnsboro, Hastings, Carrolltown, Carroll township, Susquehanna township, Barr township and Ender township, in Cambria county, Pennsylvania, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

A. B. CUSHING,
J. J. H

A BOUNCING BOWLDER.

The Astonishing Caper of a Ten-Ton Rock.

How a Connecticut Couple Were Surprised by the Landing of the Mammoth Stone on Their Premises Without Previous Warning.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Arnold, of East Haddam, in the Connecticut valley, were "at home" one day recently, but hardly prepared to receive the stranger that suddenly appeared on their premises with a big racket and considerable style, says the New York Sun. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, who were chatting in their kitchen, of a sudden heard a roaring, splitting, creaking and then coughing, rumbling noise, and, dashing out of their abode into the front yard, were just in time to receive their guest there, which had come through the yard fence, taking the fence along with it. Thereupon it dug a hole in the middle of the yard and planted itself therein, setting itself easily in its socket. Mrs. Arnold threw up her hands in almost speechless astonishment, and presently said: "Oh, Lord!" Her husband, like the dooryard, which is a small one and still almost altogether occupied by the visiting leviathan, was too full for utterance. The big guest is a ten-ton bowlder, and it had come two or three hundred feet from its seat on a dizzy shelf at the summit of a mountain at the rear of the Arnold habitation just to make a call, apparently, on the Arnolds. It came very quietly, traversing the distance noted in about six seconds, and in its track it ground up rail and stone fences, knocked down underbrush and trees, and plowed a deep, ragged furrow in the wet and spongy soil between the base of the hill and the yard. It thundered across the open lots with frightful and irresistible fury. It flew into the yard by a slightly circuitous path, barely missed slicing off a gable of the dwelling, and crushed two lengths of handsome white latticed fence into kindling. Now Mr. Arnold would like to have some one tell him how to speed the parting guest off his plantation, for it is no easy task, safely, to blast a ten-ton bowlder under the eaves of a man's house and haul away the fragments of it, and there is not enough ox or horse power in Haddam hamlet to haul it away bodily.

For several years the great bowlder, perched in its mountain eyrie, had been threatening to tumble off that perch, but the fact that it never had done so encouraged the Arnold family to hope that it always would maintain its unstable and tottering balance. It is a spherical monster, that was set up like a pear on its little end, and when the tremendous and long-continual downpours this spring had loosened a part of its gravel support on the side of the declivity there was no longer a substantial reason why the big fellow should stay up there alone on the precipice. It fell about thirty feet vertically, and then curved down an inclined plane through a second-growth forest with the roar of a cyclone. It ripped up not less than a dozen good-sized trees by their roots, while its thundering onset nearly frightened all the people in Haddam, who feared that a hurricane was upon them, out of their wits. Mrs. Arnold was so badly scared and unnerved that she left the dinner dishes unwashed until after supper.

The Haddam bowlder is the biggest one that ever attacked a Connecticut household, but its extraordinary caper is by no means unparalleled in the state. Not many years ago a huge crag, weighing three tons, fell off the shaggy hilltop at the rear of a pretty cottage on Laurel hill, in the heart of Norwich, ran down the steep hillside and jumped into the house by the way of the roof. It went through the roof and second story without difficulty or delay, and hopped into the middle of a handsome large bed in the guest chamber. The bedstead was unable to hold the stranger and kept itself intact, and the great sock just wrapped the whole thing, bedstead, ticks, sheets, comfortables, pillows and pillow-shams, about itself and went down into the cellar, together with the floor, carpet and bedroom furniture. When the man of the house arrived home from his work at supper time his wife led him into the cellar and showed him the bedroom still in the company of the bowlder. It was a blue granite bowlder of the kind most common to Connecticut, hard as flint, seamless and cross-grained. It took the family, with the help of two hired men, more than a week to get all of the intruder out of their home, and cost them one hundred and fifty dollars to repair the mutilated angle of the house. Connecticut people have a way of hanging their houses under impending cliffs in this craggy, uphill land sometimes, and so when the crack of doom finally does come they are more or less resigned to it.

A SUBLIME STRUCTURE.

The Holiest and Most Famous of the Early Buddhist Shrines.

One of the most beautiful as well as the holiest and most famous of the few surviving Buddhist shrines of long ago is the Temple of the Tree, at Buddha-Gaya, near Patna, Bengal which was once the center of the Buddhist religion, and is still a place of pious pilgrimage. The temple is now occupied by a Brahmin college, but a movement is on foot among followers of Buddha all the world over to establish a Buddhist college there and restore the ancient shrine to believers of the primitive faith.

The temple is square, with a projecting porch, and from its top soars skyward a pyramidal tower of nine stories, all profusely embellished with a graceful upper pinnacle and gold finial. A small tower stands at each corner of the roof of the lower structure, and there is a broad walk about the base of the great tower. Over the porch which fronts the east a triangular aperture is pierced whereby the glory of the morning sun may fall upon the gilded image of Buddha seated in the sanctuary within. This magnificent temple is almost the last one remaining of the eighty-four thousand erected by King Asoka to the memory of the great teacher two hundred and eighteen years after Buddha's death.

Beecher's Favorite Story.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat relates what he declares was Henry Ward Beecher's favorite story, which he never tired of telling. It may have been told before. It was the story of a traveling man who went to church one Sunday and fell asleep during the services. After the preacher finished his discourse he requested all those who wished to go to Heaven to please stand up, and all arose but the traveling man. An old lady in sitting down accidentally brushed up against the traveling man and woke him up. Just then the preacher said: "All those that wish to go to hell please stand up," and the traveling man, scarcely awake and not knowing what the audience was doing, stood up. He looked around in a half-dazed way and saw no one else but the minister standing, but he finally said: "Parson, I don't know what you are voting on, but you and I seem to be in a hopeless minority."

DR. L. L. CARMER.

Stricken Down with Heart Disease.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

GENTLEMEN: I feel it my duty, as well as a pleasure, to publish, unsolicited, to the world the benefit received from DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE REMEDIES. I was stricken down with *Heart Disease* and its complications, a rapid pulse varying from 90 to 140 beats per minute, a choking or burning sensation in the wind pipe, oppression in the chest, **THOUSANDS** much pain in the region of the heart and below lower rib, pain in the arms, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, weakness and general debility. The arteries in my neck would throb violently, the throbbing of my heart could be heard across a large room and would shake my whole body. I was so nervous that I could not hold my hand steady. *I have been under the treatment of eminent physicians, and have taken gallons of Patent Medicine without the least benefit.* A friend recommended your remedies. She was cured by Dr. Miles' remedies. I have taken three bottles of your New Heart Cure and two bottles **CURED** Nervine. My pulse is normal, I have no more violent throbbing of the heart, I AM A WELL MAN. I sincerely recommend every one with symptoms of Heart Disease to *take Dr. Miles' Restorative Remedies and be cured.*

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A WESTERN WAITRESS.

She Rides Her Broncho and Appears Like a Society Belle.

"The contrasts between western and eastern life are growing less marked as civilization pushes its way into the region once known as the frontier," said a well-known explorer of our own country to a reporter of the Washington News.

"While I was riding through a mining district in southern Colorado last summer, however, I saw an example of pure feminine democracy that reminded me of the days that we read about in fiction dealing with American life fifteen years ago.

"It was at a log cabin hotel. I was watching some cow punchers and prospectors who were 'swapping lies' when my attention was attracted by a young girl mounted on a broncho, who rode up to the door, sprang lightly to the ground and vanished in the cabin.

"She was neatly and tastefully dressed. Her riding habit must have been cut in London or New York. There was an air about her that was altogether foreign to the surroundings. I wondered who she could be. One of the cow punchers led her pony to the corral and my thoughts took another turn.

"Supper was announced a couple of hours later. I accompanied the clean but curiously dressed westerners into the rudely furnished apartments, where a bountiful and really well cooked meal was served. There was but one waitress, a good looking girl, with a figure well qualified to compete with a model Venus.

"She wore a spotless white apron over a close-fitting cloth dress. She reminded me of some society girl playing maid at a charity affair. I glanced at her face and was somewhat surprised, used as I am to the unusual in the west, to recognize the young lady as the same who had returned from a pleasant ride in the afternoon.

"I afterward inquired about her and learned that she was the regular hired girl or waitress. She did her work thoroughly, and when she was through with it she took advantages of the possibilities that the surroundings offered and enjoyed herself thoroughly.

"The pony was her own—nothing strange in that—you can get a pony for thirty-five dollars in Colorado.

"But it does seem a little queer to eastern notions to be waited upon by a swell equestrienne, does it not?"

IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

The Barometer Was Rising But the Sherry Was Falling.

On board of a man-of-war bound home from China was a young midshipman named Jones, says the Detroit Free Press. He was a favorite with the officers and had in him the talent for the making of a fine officer.

The midshipmen on board stood their watch forward, and every hour it was their duty to come aft and write up the weather columns of the ship's log, showing the readings of the barometer, thermometer, and to heave the chip log for her speed.

The captain, in company with the officer of the deck, was walking the weather side of the poop deck conversing when Midshipman Jones came aft to write up the log.

The barometer, a mercurial one, was hung in the captain's cabin, and Jones, after having read it, helped himself liberally to the captain's sherry on the cabin sideboard. In walking the poop the captain happened to glance down the cabin skylight and saw the midshipman's proceedings.

When Jones came on the poop to heave the log the captain addressed him as follows:

"How is the barometer, sir?"

Jones saluted and said: "Steadily rising, sir; steadily rising."

The captain then asked: "And how is the decanter, sir?"

Jones was taken aback, but with a steady voice replied: "Steadily falling, sir; steadily falling."

This reply was too much for the captain, and, bursting out laughing, he said:

"Young man, your reply has saved you from punishment, but it is a long way to Frisco, so hereafter I beg of you not to consult the decanter as often as you do the barometer."

LOST ATLANTIS NOT A MYTH.

A Toronto University Professor Believes It Was Really the American Continent.

Ignatius Donnelly finds a supporter of his Atlantis theory in Sir Daniel Wilson, president of the University of Toronto, who declares, after a great deal of search, that the lost Atlantis was not a myth, but that it was really the continent of America. He accounts for its disappearance from view in a different way, but that is merely incidental. Donnelly's theory, as summarized by the Milwaukee Journal, was that the land was submerged by some great volcanic upheaval and that from those who escaped to the continents of Europe and Asia came the tradition of the deluge. Sir Daniel rejects this explanation as being disproved by the fact that there are no traces of such volcanic action either on the continent or in the ocean bed. He believes that the ancient Egyptians, the most progressive and adventurous people of ancient times, discovered the continent, but that in the decline both of their learning and power it became lost to view and existed at the time our knowledge of Egypt begins merely as a shadowy tradition. It is his opinion that traces of the Egyptians of those days are to be sought in the ruined cities of Central America whose origin has never been determined or even been made the basis of any reasonable theory. Such a discovery would furnish a substantial basis for the legend of the lost Atlantis, and the theory invests those wonderful ruins with a new interest for the antiquarians.

FASHION NOTES.

THE round, half low neck is liked for dancing dresses for young ladies.

ACCORDION plaiting seems to be one of the standard effects that the first-class customer reserves for fine thin goods.

A NEW idea in waist trimming is a draped front caught down with milliner's folds, that are sewed on at the shoulder seams, and brought to the waist-line at the bodice point, making a V-shaped plastron effect of small puffs.

PUFFS and ruffles are seen on some of the newest skirts. A fine light-weight Henrietta cloth is made with a bias section of the material about inches wide, arranged in a loose puff. At the upper edge it is finished with a two-inch fold, and above this is a flat milliner's fold.

A Horse's Queer Plight.

The sight of a horse coasting down a long hill on its back in a sled and its legs waving wildly in the air vastly edified a number of citizens at Woodstock, Ore., recently. The sled was an improvised outfit, without shafts. Reaching the crest of the hill, the sled ran against the horse's heels. The animal reared and, slipping, fell over backward upon the sled. The driver was afoot and got out of the way. There were high stakes in the sides of the sled, and these held the horse in. The sled started down the hill at a lively tilt, and ran straight and fair to the foot, where it brought up on the railroad track, when the stakes were removed and the horse rolled quietly off.

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO

DR. MORITZ SALM,

This eminent Physician has devoted a lifetime to his Specialty—Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Lung and Chronic Diseases.

The Doctor has been for years a Professor and lecturer in several of our largest Medical Colleges, and has earned great fame as an authority and author on all subjects concerning his specialty.

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ALL EYE OPERATIONS SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED BY HIM

THE EYES ARE NOW STRAIGHT, THANKS TO THE DOCTOR.
Indiana, Oct. 12, 1892.
I have been cross eyed and that badly for over 28 years. Dr. Salm operated on both eyes in less than two minutes' time, without causing the least pain, nor was I confined to my room for a single moment. I can conscientiously say that they are now perfectly strong, thanks to the Dr.
MRS. CALLIE KINTER.

CATARRH AND DEAFNESS OF 20 YEARS STANDING CURED BY DR. SALM.
About 4 years ago my hearing became affected, caused by catarrh, began gradually to get worse so that I couldn't hear common conversation any more, but now after a course of treatment I can hear well again, and am not troubled any more with the catarrh, and consider myself cured of it. I have had catarrh 20 years and am now 52 years old.
MARTIN C. BALDRIDGE.

SEVERE SORE EYES CURED.
My son I. C. McCandless has had very severe sore eyes for several years, so much so we have to keep him out of school. Dr. Salm cured him of eye trouble and cured him of general health as well.
W. C. MCCANDLESS, his father.
McCandless, Butler county, Pa.

INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION CURED BY DR. SALM.
For some time my limbs have been badly affected, began to loose flesh rapidly, all energy and spettite had left me and I grew rapidly weaker. Put myself under care of Dr. Salm and consider my self entirely cured of that malady, now feeling stronger and hearty again, and have gained all the flesh I had previously lost, I can heartily recommend Dr. Salm.
MRS. MARY RUSSELL.
McCandless, Pa.

OFFENSIVE SMELL OF CATARRH EIGHT YEARS' STANDING, CURED BY DR. SALM.
Our little daughter Katie has had a bad case of catarrh for more than eight years. Her breath was something terrible, and her general health was very much undermined, but now after a course of treatment with Dr. Salm we consider her entirely cured.
MRS. ALICE ROBB.
Nixtany, Pa

THIS WONDERFUL PIECE OF WORK WAS DONE BY DR. SALM.
For more than four years I have had a bad case of stomach trouble, had to be very cautious about my diet, as anything would give me a pain and throbbing in that organ, and it was seldom that he could get a night's rest, as my nerves were almost completely wrecked; frequently I had sick spells which completely wore me out, but now after a course of treatment I consider myself entirely cured, and feel as well as ever. I want people to know that Dr. Salm did that wonderful piece of work.
Gratefully,
MRS. MARTHA CARSEY.
Indiana, Pa., April 25th, 1893.

CURED BY DR. SALM AFTER HAVING SUFFERED FOR YEARS WITH STOMACH, BLADDER & KIDNEY TROUBLE.
I have been very severely afflicted with stomach, bladder and kidney trouble and on account of that left all broke up, couldn't follow my daily labor, was troubled with pains in my back and headaches but now after a course of treatment with Dr. Salm can once more attend my daily labors with pleasure, and consider myself hale and hearty again.
E. K. ANKENY.
Indiana, Pa., April 26, 1893.

AFTER NINETEEN YEARS OF SUFFERING I HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO BLESS DR SALM.
For more than nineteen years I have been in very bad health, and suffered untold agonies. I have tried eastern and western medical institutions to get relief, and have had nine different physicians, but alone without any success what ever, but have me gradually worse, until I heard of the wonderful cures of Dr. Salm, when I put myself under his treatment. I began gradually to improve and now again as it life was worth living once more, feeling strong and hearty as when I was a young girl, and all this I have to thank Dr. Salm for. God bless him.
MARY DICKIE
Blacklick, Indiana county, Pa., April 26, 1893

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

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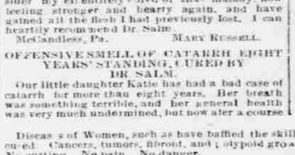

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Cures thousands annually of Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Malaria. More Ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause. Why suffer when you can be cured? Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a celebrated family medicine. YOUR DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU.

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Cures Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases. Known by a tired, languid feeling; inaction of the kidneys weakens and poisons the blood, and unless cause removed you cannot have health. Cured me over five years ago of Bright's Disease and Dropsy.—Mrs. I. L. MILLER, Smithfield, Pa. 1,000 other other similar testimonials. Try it. Cure guaranteed.

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CHOSE THE BIGGEST FORTUNE.

A Russian Prince Who Found No Difficulty in Transferring His Affections.

Apropos of international marriages wherein the "dot" is the first consideration, the girl herself being merely a necessary adjunct and her own personality quite immaterial, the following story printed by the New York Tribune as coming from Russia may well point a moral and adorn a tale: "A very rich western family went aboard not long ago, accompanied by two daughters and a friend, whose plain and perhaps insignificant exterior gave no evidence of her golden worth—for she had a large fortune in her own right. Having been left an orphan the year before at the age of thirty, and being of a meek and quiet disposition, she had attached herself to this particular family, who were old friends of her parents, and more through force of circumstances than anything else she had accompanied them abroad, where to the outside world she enacted the role of an insignificant friend of the family. The two other girls, however, had very decided social aspirations, and as they were very pretty and had the reputation of being considerable heiresses they were surrounded by impecunious young noblemen in plenty. At St. Petersburg they even succeeded in capturing a young Russian prince, who, after remaining in undecided allegiance to them both for several weeks, finally fixed his affections upon the older and handsomer of the two sisters. Thereupon the youngest, whose fancy had been more or less captivated by the handsome person and equally attractive title of the young Muscovite, but who had wit enough to see that his attentions were anything but disinterested, took occasion to mention in the hearing of the young man that their friend, Miss L., had a much larger fortune than either she or her sister could ever hope to possess, and that it was, moreover, entirely at her own disposal. The prince heard, but gave no sign for several days; then his attentions to the oldest sister grew noticeably fewer, and poor shy little Miss S. looked up in pleased surprise as the handsome young man began to honor her with his notice. Miss Marplot was just beginning to wonder whether she ought not to confess her share in the performance to the parties interested, when one day at luncheon Miss S.'s own maid brought in a letter from her mistress saying that the latter had been married that morning to Prince M. at the American legation, and that under the circumstances it would be best that the other legal formalities should be completed at the Hotel ——, where she had engaged rooms. Of course, as she was an independent woman of thirty there was nothing to be said. "Who could have fancied she was so sly?" sighed the would-be mother-in-law of a prince.

USED HER TEETH.

A Woman's Weapon Brought Her Into Trouble at Court.

A gentleman with two bitten fingers and a young lady whose ears had been boxed figured in the double role on plaintiff and defendant in a queer case that has just been tried in one of the Paris law courts, according to a correspondent. The former is a married man with two daughters, and the latter, who is of very prepossessing appearance, had entered the family in the capacity of a governess to the girls. All went on well for a fortnight, but the prevailing harmony was disturbed on the arrival of a new cook, whom the young lady greeted with the utterly uncalled-for remark: "You are entering a dirty hole." This speech having been repeated to the mistress of the house, it was decided then and there that the offender should be summarily dismissed. The gentleman asked her into his study, paid her a fortnight's salary and requested her to sign a receipt. She took the money, but declined to append her name to the paper, and she was leaving the room when he hurried to the door and detained her.

A hot altercation ensued, varied by the appearance on the scene of the wife, who possessed herself of the money. The husband then seized the governess by the arm for the purpose of evicting her, whereupon she bit two of his fingers with such violence that, maddened by the pain, he boxed her ears. The young lady took action against him for assault, claiming damages to the amount of twenty pounds, and on his side he brought a counter charge on the strength of the bitten fingers. Medical certificates were handed in by the parties, and eventually the court pronounced in favor of the gentleman, condemning the young lady with cannibal proclivities to the payment of a fine of two pounds, and of damages to the same amount.

AIR-TIGHT PIES.

The Man with the Ginger Beard Tells a Story of Early Colorado Days.

"Them fellers at Chicago is a makin a whole lot of money in the hash business," said the man with the ginger beard, "but I jist bet they ain't none of them got on to the scheme that a feller out in Colorado did oncet."

The grocer sat looking dreamily out the window, wondering when his commission was coming with the postmastership, says the Indianapolis Journal. The man with the ginger beard noticed his abstraction, got insulted, walked across the street, thought better of it, came back and went on as though the grocer had exhibited the deepest interest.

"It was jist like this," he said. "This here feller made a thousand dollars in one year a-sellin' air-tight pies."

"What is air-tight pies?"

"Air-tight pies," said the man with the ginger beard, "is pies which is air-tight. The feller made 'em this way. Them pies was made out of two crusts, and the fillin' was wind, which he blowed into them till they was about two inches thick. You see, he sold them pies to the tourists, to be et off the premises—mostly when they was out explorin'. Feller would buy the pie, thinking it was the thickest pie for the money that ever he had bought, and so it was; but when he come to bite into it his teeth would come together so sudden that some of 'em was jist as likely to break off as not. But then tenderfeet is made to be skinned, and when the Lord sends one a good man's way he is a sucker hisself if he don't do him up as he should be did."

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

THE consumption of cheese in Paris reaches as much as 25,000,000 pounds per annum.

A TASMANIAN prize merino ram, sold recently for $2,500, gave 22½ pounds of wool when shorn. Another ram, not accustomed to being housed and fed until a few months before shearing, clipped 22½ pounds.

GREAT BRITAIN, during the year 1864, spent $4,175,000 in foreign poultry and eggs. In 1874 the amount had increased to $14,550,000, and for 1891 it amounted to $28,850,000, which included $9,000,000 paid for importation of eggs and poultry from Ireland.

LONDON Truth hopes that the recent experiment of shipping oranges direct from Florida to England will prove successful, because "the fruit is of exceptionally fine quality, and quite equal, if not superior, to any of the many varieties we now have in our own market."

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The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color (gray or faded hair); preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

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The speaker, holding in his hand a long list of notices given the day before, calls the names of